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DISPUTED TERRITORIES: A POSSIBLE SOLUTION

BY PROFESSOR PAUPHILET

It is no longer a secret that the form which peace has taken does not satisfy all the hopes which sustained and consoled us during the war. We had hoped that, in replacing the old European empires by free nations, we should put an end to all serious discords and help to appease such minor differences as still remained.

But what do we actually see to-day? From one end of Europe to the other, nothing but bitter quarrels, threats of war, or armed attacks. It would seem as though men had never been so bellicose as since the war came to an end. Instead of the dynastic disputes of the old days — which, after all, produced more diplomatic than military conflicts — we have to-day rivalries between the peoples which are far more heated and more apt to be translated into action. Towns and provinces are still bones of contention, but the feeling on either side is more bitter than ever, and far more ready recourse is had to that odious weapon of military force which we had thought to be discredited forever. Germans, Poles, Lithuanians, Esthonians, Roumanians, Ukrainians, Czecho-Slovaks, Magyars, Serbs, Croats, Albanians, German-Austrians, and Italians, are all at each other's throats, or at any rate would like to be so if they were not restrained by a fear of the still effective Entente policeman. But when once the French, British, and Americans are demobilized, there will be nothing to prevent Central Europe from lapsing into a kind of pandemonium, where the nationalities will simply devour each other unchecked.

Is this what we expected in the New Europe? It is futile to attribute such a serious state of affairs merely to a passing unrest left behind by the war; do not let us hope that 'things will settle themselves' in due time; experience has already shown, since the armistice, that things get worse, rather than better, with time. The present unrest among the nationalities springs from deep-rooted causes; let us try to disentangle some of them and to find a remedy.

The principle of nationality is generally admitted, and we should not dream of disputing its main thesis. It is inconceivable that our present difficulties should be inherent in the right which all men have to group themselves according to their affinities and

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preferences. Theoretically, the application of this principle could only lead to universal satisfaction and international peace. But everything depends upon the manner in which this right is interpreted and applied. Every nation has the right to be independent, and there is nothing here which could threaten peace; but how does every man define *his* nation and *his* independence? We shall see that neither the idea of nationality nor of independence has been as yet submitted to that process of criticism and adaptation which the Europe of to-morrow requires. And it is thus that the principle upon which we counted for the cementing of peace seems at present to be the strongest ferment of discord and the most prolific source of wars which the world has ever seen. Let us, therefore, try to clear our ideas in order to assuage our anxious hearts.

The new states, or those which have not yet achieved what they consider to be their national unity, claim, in the first instance, the right to annex all their co-nationals. They take language as the test of nationality, but we may rest assured that they do not attach over-much importance to variations of dialect. Their linguistic theory admits of no contradiction, but is built on broad lines; it excels above all in evolving from a multiplicity of ancient dialects the one salient idea of ethnical kinship. In claiming men they also claim the territories inhabited by them and those which they formerly inhabited, and those which they would inhabit if their neighbors had not unjustly evicted them. Thus the conception of an ethnic state, so seductive in its theoretical simplicity, is transformed and altered the moment it is put into practice. And inevitably so. Are we to sanction the forcible transplantation and eviction of whole peoples? If the Prussians had succeeded in 'depolonizing' certain essential parts of the former Poland, if they had completely submerged Alsace beneath the flood of Brandenburgian or Pomeranian immigrants, would we now acquiesce in this criminal enterprise by refusing to restore Poland to the Poles or Alsace to France, that is to say, to herself? What failed in Alsace has succeeded elsewhere; do not, therefore, let us be surprised if the theory of the ethnic state necessarily leads to elastic and dangerous claims along all historical and geographical frontiers.

There is no race of men on this earth which has not at some time or other held sway in a more or less splendid empire, on which the national regrets and hopes hang with unchanging fidelity. Our modern re-builders of national units do not, as a rule, trouble to inquire whether all the provinces of the former Empire entered it of their own free will, or whether they wish to do so now. They put forward an historic claim without asking whether that claim ever had a foundation in the popular will. Old acts of violence are sometimes adduced as constituting a respectable claim. Do we not see a d'Annunzio claiming Dalmatia in the name of Venice, a haughty and avaricious mistress, who always remained completely foreign to her subjects? If he were pressed, he would doubtless claim for Italy the whole Roman Empire—that master-creation of fraud and violence to all time. The principle of the historic frontier may be perfectly just and legitimate. It is none the less true that, in practice, it means claiming as normal the maximum extent of territory ever held by a people, although often held merely for a brief moment.

And what can one say of the geographical considerations by which natural frontiers are usually justified?

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There again, it is always a question of extension, never of limitation, of territory. When the racial and historical claims of any people are marked out on a map, the resulting outlines are very rarely satisfactory; either they run across mountains and valleys or form a multiplicity of isolated patches. Then it is always possible to discover — for geography is a resourceful science — some special conformation of the soil which will include all the territories claimed in one continuous line — and some other territories as well.

It would already be a sufficiently arduous and contentious task to establish a national state on these bases alone. But to convert a nation into a state is not enough; its *independence* must be assured not only on the political, but also on the economic and military side. After suffering dispersion and oppression for so long, the liberated peoples desire only to be hermetically sealed up inside favorable frontiers such as will provide them with everything necessary to their prosperity. This exclusiveness, this craving for a national *chez soi*, leads them to distrust any international economic relations, where they are afraid of once more finding the vassalage from which they have just escaped. They want above all to be self-supporting, and therefore the achievement of economic independence means for them the annexation of such neighboring territories as possess the resources which they lack. For however well provided a country may be, there is always some province on the outskirts which would just round it off nicely. Sometimes it is a mining district, sometimes a way of access to the sea or to some great river. Thereupon, a claim is put forward to the port or district in question, without any further consideration of the ethnic or historical rights of its inhabitants, or of the fact that the titbit may be coveted by other people as well. The Peace Conference knows something of the sort of difficulties and disputes that ensue! For it is on these grounds that the Czechs claim the Teschen district of Silesia, because it is rich in coal, although they themselves own that it is Polish, and Pressburg, which is not Czech, but which lies on the Danube. In the same way, the Poles demand Danzig and the Jugoslavs Fiume, where they are incontestably in the minority. Interpreted in this fashion, the rights of nationalities lead to the paradox of claims mutually contradicting and invalidating each other.

The same thing happens when the right to complete military independence and security is insisted upon. We may note that military considerations are never invoked except in order to extend frontiers beyond the strictly national domain. A people can always discover, just a little way beyond its furthest ambition, a mountain crest, a river front, or a coast line which would enable it to defy some hypothetical assailant. The Serbs ask for the Banat as a '*glacis*' before Belgrade; Roumania asks for the line of the Theiss; the Italians ask for the crests of the Alps right across the middle of the Tyrol. If an indigenous population protests in the name of Wilsonian principles against being swallowed up in this manner, the claimant immediately declares the annexation to be a vital interest and, therefore, puts forward his demand in the name of the same Wilsonian principles. It is a hard problem.

Who is right and who is wrong? We do not pretend to judge, for, in our opinion, everyone is to blame. The achievement of national unity, the attainment of complete independence, have become mere names to designate

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a bitter struggle for domination and a narrow egoism. The policy of nationalities, which for us was the symbol of a New Europe, seems to be tending toward the creation of solitary Powers throughout the world, as in the worst old days. Are we, therefore, fated to fall back into a sort of modern Middle Ages, which will be worse than the old, since we should no longer have even the amount of human fraternity engendered by mediæval Christianity to save us from savage particularism? Why should this be so? Why should we hold this retrograde conception of the nation and of independence? Why should each state, so careful in reuniting all its children, be so careless as to taking other people's children as well? Why does it aim at having as many citizens and as much territory as possible? And why does each state try to include all possible resources within its own frontiers, as though provisioning for a siege? The intoxication of power, the disease of *Para bellum*, have not yet passed off. Instead of organizing peace, we all seem to be calculating our chances in the next war. And yet the Society of Nations, which has aroused a Messianic enthusiasm throughout the world, has been created just in order to suppress the 'right of the strongest' among the nations, and in consequence to do away with the ruinous luxury of military guaranties and the folly of domination. Granted that we must still maintain some provisional international precautions against Germany, who has as yet given no sure signs of conversion; but this should be the one and only exception, and not the rule, of the world of to-morrow. The new gospel is on our lips, but not in our hearts; we speak as believers and act as unbelievers or relapsed heretics. So difficult is it to cast out the old Adam!

At bottom, however, it should not be impossible to save the policy of nationalities from the dangerous consequences which appear to be involved. It does not always give rise to conflicts. Within the central block of any nationality there are no disputes, and the same holds good wherever the national will has a tradition of free expression. The Germans themselves, very little inclined as a race to acknowledge objective truth, have many a time, before their defeat, been forced to recognize the power of Polish national feeling at Warsaw, at Cracow, and at Posen. On the other hand, there is scarcely a nation to be found which has not contested zones along its frontiers. There is no discussion over Warsaw, but much over the villages of Silesia. The fact is that realities do not fit in with the too simple reasonings of Jingoism. Life respects neither frontiers — historical or otherwise — nor racial purity; it breaks all barriers and mixes all stocks. The great families of the human race intermingle with each other in endless variety; languages are combined into dialects, which are the sure sign of a mixture of races. The division of the human race into peoples is a little like the way in which the sun's rays strike through a prism. The primary colors are not crudely juxtaposed; between them are graded tints which lead from one to the other in harmonious progression. This phenomenon is to be found in human geography as much as in physics. Nature has created round the great primary races of Europe a quantity of small hybrid groups whose highly-prized individuality itself arises out of the mixture of neighboring races and civilizations.

The old imperialist aberration of Europe has always endeavored to suppress these small groups, and absorb them into great monarchies. But it has

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never succeeded. On the contrary, their being passed on from hand to hand, and submitted to the influence of all their neighbors in turn, merely served to accentuate that individual character which they derived from the very diversity of their experiences. It was not without benefit to Flanders and to the Rhine provinces that they were for centuries the meeting place of two spirits, the French and the German, which, moreover, were not always in conflict. The unwise ambitions of the nationalities must not be allowed to repeat in an aggravated form the vain and mistaken endeavor of the great empires. We must not suffer racial 'trusts' to replace, in an equally violent and lawless manner, dynastic monopolies. Nothing could be more contrary to science and at the same time to the true interests of the world.

The only philosophic foundation of the rights of nationalities is the right of individuals to group themselves as they please, and to form, out of these groups, permanent societies, constituted as states. Questions of race, of language, of historical tradition and economic interests have only a value as reasons by which popular decisions are taken. Citizenship is a matter of feeling (*La patrie est une affaire de conscience*); it exists only so far as there is individual consciousness of it, it ceases to exist where it is no longer felt. A nation has no more right than a sovereign to annex for its own convenience even the merest handful of men who do not wish to belong to it. And if this handful of men, whatever may be its racial origin, wishes to form an autonomous unit, its right to do so is as indisputable as that of the greatest nation. There is no such thing as a local or a greater patriotism; there is only the patriotism of which a population is spontaneously conscious. Here we have the foundation, and the limit, of the rights of nationalities.

It is in the world's best interests to respect small local patriotisms and aspirations toward local autonomy wherever they exist, and to encourage them wherever they appear to be incipient. In many instances, as we have seen, small societies have been formed on the borders of the great nations. At the present moment they are being pulled about and artificially dislocated by nationalist propaganda. Pangermanism, during the war, very nearly broke in pieces the unity of Switzerland and of Belgium, in order to pave the way for annexations which could have been covered, after the fact, by an appeal to the rights of nationalities. Would not this have been a criminal enterprise, and a loss to humanity? Belgium and Switzerland count for not a little in the moral riches of Europe, and despite their small size they are no less important as political assets. And who could fail to see the value of several Switzerlands and several Belgiums, constituted out of the disputed territories, to the cause of universal reconciliation and the maintenance of peace? Instead of dividing up the bodies — but lately living organisms — of the small hybrid societies among dissatisfied rivals, would it not be wiser to safeguard and consolidate them?

The Teschen district of Silesia or the Banat of Temesvár, to take only two examples, can never be given entire to any one of the claimants without some injustice; to cut them up would satisfy no one, and would destroy the solidarity, the life in common which history has established among their inhabitants, despite racial differences. On the other hand, the grant of a local autonomy would satisfy these same inhabitants — which is the only valid argument in democratic law. It would

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then matter very little to us if the reactionary annexationists of Prague, of Warsaw, of Bucharest, or of Belgrade were not satisfied. We know that they never will be, and that the thirst for conquest is always insatiable. These little hybrid states, the new Switzerlands and Belgiums, would add to the beauty and variety of the world; for they would preserve habits of thought and customs nowhere else to be found, which would have disappeared with their incorporation in a great national state. They will also be a pledge of tranquillity for all Europe; for when once they have received the sanction of the Society of Nations, they will act as appeasing links (*transitions apaisantes*) between the great nations, as living examples of concord. It would be well if there came to be more and more groups of human beings who traced their essential individuality, not to a frequently illusory purity of race, but to the very diversity of their origins. Nationalists of all countries would then learn, through hard facts, that national sentiment has nothing to do with ethnography or linguistics, and that it is possible to be loyal fellow citizens, even when not descended from the same tribe.

Instead of encouraging the absorption into unitary states of these little mixed groups, let us help them to become conscious of their own identity, of their true importance. Let us raise them as soon as possible from the miserable condition of contested territory to a stable autonomy. Let us encourage all sincere particularism, and take care of all incipient fatherlands, or, at any rate, of all that come of honest parents. It will always be open to them, in the future, to use their liberty in order to attach themselves to some greater nation; their experiment in independence will at least have been decisive for them. Do not let us forestall the decrees of national consciousness, and let us act so that any such decree may be as final as possible. It is better even to create autonomies which will disappear in ten years' time, than to authorize annexations which will only bring forth a fresh crop of irredentisms and conflicts.

If the objection is made that it would be impossible to guarantee an independent economic status and all the resources of a modern state to small provinces thus converted into autonomies, we would reply: All the better. We should like to have as many states as possible which are incapable of supplying all their own needs, and which cannot isolate themselves behind their frontiers without dying of it. It is only in times of war that a state is like a mediæval dungeon, where everything necessary to sustain life must be found, under pain of surrender. But war is just what we want to render impossible. In times of peace it is quite another thing. In the matter of communications,— rivers, canals and railways,— of access to the sea, of distribution of material both for industry and food consumption, the existence of Switzerland is a proof that means can be found other than the annexation of precious territories. That country is indeed a most admirable example! There is nothing about it which is not a contradiction of the present-day prophets of the nationalities. It has no racial unity, and its two chief parties belong to the two races which seem at present the most irreconcilable in Europe; it does not produce food for its inhabitants, it has no coal and little or no iron; its only lines of communication lead into the territories of powerful neighbors, and it has no access to the sea! If the Peace Conference had meted out a similar fate to any state whatever, old or new, what shrieks of protest there would

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have been, what melodramatic departures, and what press campaigns! And yet Switzerland is alive and happy with its bi-lingual people, no corn, no coal, and no ports! *Et nunc erudimini.* Let us, therefore, admit the possibility of an international organization in which the position of Switzerland, instead of being a kind of paradox, might be a perfectly habitual and normal thing.

Enormous advantages would result from it. Economic isolation, of which more than one state is arrogantly dreaming to-day, would be replaced by the accepted, and desired, interdependence of societies, of which no single one could be self-sufficient. The small states would thus fulfill their good office, by demonstrating the absurdity of economic as well as racial wars. Points of contact and fusion of the races, they would also be centres of necessary collaboration in material interests. Thanks to them, the dovetailing of indispensable economic liabilities would be added to the intermarriage of racial and intellectual stocks. Morally and materially, peace would be increasingly hard to break, and the old warlike spirit, bound by so many links, would eventually be reduced to impotence. Finally, a new patriotism would be born, which would no longer consist in foreseeing, and preparing for, war, according to the bad old Roman adage, but in organizing peace, and rendering it more fruitful. The finest country would no longer be that which most successfully opposed all the others, but that which understood them best and brought itself most successfully into harmony with them. The highest international virtue would be an enlightened philoxenism. There would be less risk in small countries than in great ones of men losing the ruling sense of human brotherhood. Where one had only a handful of fellow citizens, the whole world would not be limited to them, and it would be easier to remember one's common humanity. And at last the day would come when, without renunciation or betrayal, one could be a citizen of the world 'in spirit and in truth.'

The New Europe

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THE FUTURE MILITARY POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL REPINGTON

We may have to wait for a considerable time before the government can announce its military policy. Germany and her dupes are struck down for the time, but the League of Nations is not yet in a position to begin the thorny task of regulating other people's armaments, while Russia is left to do as she pleases, and no one knows precisely what our military liabilities will be when the final stage of the settlement is reached.

It is, all the same, necessary that the Cabinet itself and the staffs of the navy, army, and air service should begin as soon as practicable to study our *post-bellum* defense problems. The Cabinet should formulate its policy, and the fighting services should make their plans conformably with this policy, stating what forces should be maintained to support it.

Then the cost of the plans must be reckoned up, and, if this cost exceeds the amount which the Cabinet is willing to grant, there must be an allocation of credits according to the service most in need of funds and the urgency of its demands. In this matter a Defense Minister presiding over the three branches of navy, army, and air service would possess certain advantages, but the Admirable Crichton who could hold the balance fairly between the demands of three services would be hard to find, and on the whole it is best to go on as we are and for the Cabinet to judge the relative importance of the three branches of defense.

Just for the time we are still living in the spacious days of wartime expenditure, and no one much worries about an affair of a paltry hundred millions or so. We have lost all sense of proportion and measure, and unless our plans conform with what the country is ready to give hereafter annually for defense, we shall waste a large amount of time over schemes which may be most praiseworthy in themselves, but will not be passed by the Cabinet and so will have to be recast. It is not the business of the services to whittle down their plans to figures which will ingratiate them with the Treasury. They have to state what amount and character of force are necessary to carry out the policy laid down for them, and, if the Cabinet demurs, then the responsibility rests where it should always rest.

We are likely to find people uncommonly inquisitive when the usual cold fit comes on. Against whom or against what are we to prepare? Has not Germany ceased to be a menace to us both on land and sea? Are not all the Allied and Associated Powers friends? Are not all the nations a band of brothers within the League? How can we afford large sums for defense with that terrible addition of the cost of the war on our financial consciences? The General Staffs of the services must be ready to answer these and similar questions, and should already have put in hand the papers which will justify the attitude which they propose to take up.

This will not be an easy matter. It was easy before the war because we could point, and constantly pointed, to Germany as the enemy. No one

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attended very much it is true, because the chief parties in the state had made up their minds that their policy was peace, and the thought that some other Power might have a policy of war did not much occupy their minds. We could, however, point to Germany as the eventual enemy. We cannot easily convince anyone now that Germany, if she keeps her engagements under the Treaty of June 28 of this year, is a menace at all. It is still more difficult to publish a memorandum describing one of our comrade nations in the war as a possible enemy, while the Russian Bolshevist may be here to-day and gone to-morrow. He is an uncertain quantity for use as a lever to get things done, though he is doing his best.

Another trouble is that all the fighting services must cost us more in proportion to results in efficiency, because men and materials will be more expensive. With pre-war estimates we may be able to show only 50 per cent of our former fighting strength. Our difficulties abroad have been exploited by labor at home to extract huge increases in wages. We see the result in the key industry of coal, and wages once increased in one industry extend to others. Neither officers nor men are to be had at the old rates, and we shall no longer find a body of officers who can do without a living wage from the government.

In general, when our staffs make their plans, they will be wise not to point them against any particular enemy, but to found them on the general situation of the Empire, and upon the aggregate strengths of navies, armies, and air forces maintained by other states. It is also quite admissible to point out that history shows a perpetual change in our friendships and enmities, and that the friend of one moment becomes the enemy of the next. We always entertain the pleasing illusion that our friend of to-day will be our friend forever, but history does not bear out this charming fiction. No doubt, the League of Nations aspires to close the era of wars, and so we hope it may, but reinsurance alliances are still permitted, such as the alliance proposed between France, America, and ourselves, and the extension of this practice may bring us many surprises. We cannot trust our defense to the League until it has given us ample proofs of good will, sanity, and practical utility. The size and character of our Empire render it particularly vulnerable to a little ill-will at Geneva, while if we accept the position of a mandatory state under the League we render British administration liable, in many cases, to the criticism of a chance majority of foreigners, and it is at present hard to say how we shall regard the League when it is at work in its Swiss home.

If we look at the navy for a moment it will be necessary for sailors to tell us precisely how the submarine is regarded and what place they assign to it in case of conflict with Powers, possessing this weapon. The care taken in the Treaty of June 28 to extirpate the German submarines root and branch is a clear indication of the anxiety which they caused us. But this very fact is not likely to induce weaker naval Powers to abandon the submarine, but rather the contrary, and when we get our next naval building programme it will be necessary to justify it by a closely reasoned argument on the submarine menace. To the average citizen the submarine appears to have played the deuce with our sea power, and this average citizen will require to be enlightened and convinced before accepting a large outlay in capital ships.

On the army side Mr. Churchill has

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done well to devote his best energies to the rebuilding of the old regular army, for this military police of the Empire will be necessary, no matter what policy our governments adopt or what successes the League may boast at Geneva. The War Secretary has obtained the figure of 209,000 men voluntarily enlisted, which is good in itself. In October, 1913, the regular army had a strength of some 250,000 men serving at home and abroad, but it also had over 200,000 men of the regular and special reserve, while our responsibilities overseas have been much increased. There is, therefore, still much ground to be made up even to attain the 1913 standard, and it must further be remarked that the Territorial Force has practically ceased to exist for the time, except for some commanders and cadres. Our military responsibilities are at present met at home and abroad by the retention in the ranks of 1,000,000 men compulsorily enlisted. This figure should be reduced to 400,000 by the end of this year, and Mr. Churchill hopes by the spring of 1920 to have released all conscript soldiers who fought in the war, provided no unforeseen emergency arises.

The situation is that we have at present, excluding conscripts, 209,000 voluntarily enlisted men to do the work of the 713,000 men who were borne on the strengths of our land forces in 1913. In the interval our responsibilities have enormously increased overseas, while a large part of Europe and parts of Asia remain convulsed, and we are about to accept a liability to succor France immediately if she be attacked by Germany, in addition to the liability which rests upon us to preserve the general peace in coöperation with other signatories of the Versailles Treaty. Until the reign of law is acknowledged throughout the world, our influence depends upon the amount of force which we have to back our demands, and no one can say that we are likely to occupy a strong position when the last of our conscripts returns home. The need for garrisoning the Empire, at least on the pre-war standard, is indisputable, while we can never be content if the British Isles and the citadel of the Empire are not adequately defended.

These things being as they are, we shall pass through a period of much difficulty and anxiety next year. It is true that Germany is at least temporarily rendered harmless; that we have completed and perfected our war material, which will serve us on an emergency for many years to come; and that the principle of personal service has become a tradition and can now be more easily revived, as well as applied more scientifically, if another great crisis faces us. These are great gains to the credit side of the military balance, but represent to a large extent potential and not actual force. The youth of the country have not yet been invited to prepare themselves by a short course of training to defend their country in time of need. The principle of personal service practically lapsed with the close of the war, and no one of any weight in the national councils has had the inspiration and the courage to ask for a fresh affirmation of the principle and its application in practice. We tried at Paris to obtain the assent of our Allies to the abolition of conscription. We failed and were left practically without support. If the resulting situation becomes stereotyped, we are bound to lose much of the influence and the position in the world which we occupied at the close of the war, and to sink back into the state in which the war surprised us, and perhaps into an even worse state.

An England unarmed and unpre-

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pared means the cause and the hopes of all her enemies in the world strengthened and revived. It gives courage to all her enemies within. It renders France anxious and disarms our diplomacy. Justice remains with her scales, but without her most trusty sword, and the cause of civilization is proportionately weakened. The want of courage of our statesmanship, to which alone our disasters in the spring of 1918 were due, is the main obstacle to the training of the youth of the country to arms. Should no minister have the hardihood to demand this salutary and necessary institution of a brief course of military training for youth, then the General Staff must cover its responsibility hereafter by demanding it, if, after complete examination of our problems, it finds it necessary.

The next twelve months will be very critical for the future of the defense of the state and the Empire. A false direction given to policy will have incalculable consequences, and in military organization a wrong path once followed is not easily retraced. We should, in the time allowed us for reflection, assemble the best of our war-trained chiefs from home, the Dominions, and India, and study defense as a single problem in which navy, army, and the air force all have their say. The first necessity is to maintain intact the close coöperation of all parts of the Empire which has been one of the happiest memories of the war, and to go forward in this sane policy with the firm intention of succeeding. Not less will it be needed to maintain close touch with our allies and associates in the war, and by a good choice of missions and naval and military attachés to preserve the *liaison* service which performed such invaluable work during the campaign.

Naval and military coöperation between the fighting services, with the Dominions and India, and with our allies and associates, was never one of our great difficulties during the war. Our real difficulty lay in the War Cabinet which was ignorant of war, and constantly allowed itself to be advised by incompetent persons with light heads and flighty ideas. The re-institution of the Committee of Imperial Defense, strengthened by Dominion and Indian representatives, is a need of the time when Cabinet Government returns, and the services must insure that, in any future crisis, the best brains remain in London at first to keep civil ministers straight, and exclude the amateur advisers who played such a pernicious part in many episodes of the war.

We must establish definitely the rôle of policy and strategy in war. Everyone with inside knowledge of recent events, and capable of reasoned thought, must see, looking back, what frightful cost and suffering have been caused by misunderstanding of first principles of the conduct of war. If affairs go wrong at the head, they go wrong everywhere, and no valor of navies and armies can retrieve them. We shall never, probably, be allowed to see the papers of Mr. Lloyd George's War Cabinet, because it will not dare to produce them, but, if Parliament ever desires to ascertain the truth about the war, it will find it at the bottom of the War Cabinet well, and there alone.

The Morning Post

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THE FIUME AFFAIR SEEN FROM ITALY

BY ASTOLFIO

CERTAIN aspects of the Fiume affair become stranger every day. Not, surely, because of the prose which M. D'Annunzio pours forth superabundantly over the world, nor the ridiculous letters which he sends to Mussolini in which he avers that, stricken by fever, 'he has come to die in Fiume'; the strangeness of the gesture lies in its connection with the internal politics of Italy.

It is, indeed, strange that the Italian Government has found no means of mastering the armed revolt led by Colonel D'Annunzio. It is strange, indeed, that in spite of all Signor Nitti's good will, nothing has been done toward carrying out the obligation with which the good faith of the Allies entrusted him. Light comes when one reads the Italian Nationalist press. For it is a paradox that the same press which light-heartedly sustained M. Sonnino's recognition of Croatia's right, under the Treaty of London, to Fiume, should be unreservedly approving the revolt of M. D'Annunzio at attacking the chief of the Italian ministry for the wise discourse which he recently pronounced at Montecitorio. The Nationalist journals now give us the key to the mystery. The attack on Fiume appears to have been carried out less in a spirit of nationalist and imperialist chauvinism than in the hope of overthrowing the government of Signor Nitti and, in particular, the president of the council himself.

The *Idea Nazionale* recently editorially plumed itself on the fact that the government has not denied the rumor to which it gave circulation concerning the estrangement of Signors Nitti and Tittoni over D'Annunzio's revolt. The *Idea Nazionale* insinuates that this disagreement is 'evident' and 'incurable.' Is one to find in this attitude of M. Tittoni's a clue that will mark him out as M. D'Annunzio's accomplice and the real cause of the revolt remaining unquelled? Is one to find in a certain propaganda concerning the coming overthrow of Signor Nitti and the rise of Signor Tittoni an explanation of the delay? The *Idea Nazionale* goes on to maintain that Signor Tittoni, after having calmly examined the situation, immediately understood that the Allies could not possibly hold the Italian Government responsible for the D'Annunzio enterprise, that on the contrary, the Fiume situation could be utilized magnificently for political ends as being an expression of desperate nationalism.

The whole mentality of the Italian Nationalists appears in this avowal. But they cannot quite suppress logic from this categorical dilemma, and an analysis leads to the conclusions that either the Italian Government is outraged by this 'intolerable revolt' (to use M. Nitti's expression) and will, in such a case, do everything possible to put down a crime whose immediate and future consequences may be disastrous, or the government will utilize magnificently for Italian 'political ends,' to use this time a phrase which the Nationalist journals attribute, let us hope gratuitously, to M. Tittoni, and is, therefore, in some accord with

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Signor D'Annunzio. Time will shed more light upon this point. Let us confine ourselves at present to a study of the grave effects which this revolt has had in Italy. The whole democratic press is concerned with it. The *Stampa* prints 'A Critical Hour.' According to the author of the article, Senator Frassati, Italy is traversing an hour of the gravest crisis. The machinery of government is assailed on all sides. Bolshevism and nationalism are attacking it furiously. The government trembles under these attacks and there is danger of its crashing down into complete anarchy. The *Tempo* in an article entitled 'Constitutional Anarchists' is even more explicit. This Roman journal airs the indignation of an old fashioned Italian Conservative at the demagoguery and anarchistic spirit of the Italian Nationalists. 'The "comrades" of the anarchist circles will easily find an abundant propaganda in favor of their methods, their action even, in the Conservative and Nationalist press. This press, not content with exalting the enterprise of Gabriele D'Annunzio, has ventured even to make apologies for military mutiny and for exciting insubordination in the barracks. It holds up for our admiration officers who have revolted, and are in revolt against the government — the Government of His Majesty the King — and they cover with sarcasm and abuse those who fulfill their duty with honor and fidelity by trying to persuade the mutineers of Fiume to return.'

These journals may be said to have created a philosophy of military sedition. It is justified, they write, when the military unities are acting for the benefit of the nation; in such circumstances, sedition is even lawful. What would the Nationalists say, ask the supporters of M. Nitti, if the Communists proceeded to prepare in a like manner that Soviet régime which they declare necessary to Italy. How can the courts venture to punish communists who thus proceed, if they leave unpunished this Nationalist revolt? Bissolati, the Italian democrat, has also his opinion on the subject; he has pronounced an important discourse before the Congress of the Socialist Union. This discourse was all the more courageous, since the Socialist Union (an organization favored by Signors Orlando and Sonnino with the intention of having their politics sustained by an organization of democratic appearance) has long defended the Nationalist and imperialist tactics of the author of the *Pact* of London. The *Italia del Popolo*, the journal of M. Bissolati, gives us this discourse. The orator recalls to his audience the fate of that Orlando-Sonnino ministry which had the cry of Fiume ever on its lips. This government, in spite of its cry, had renounced Fiume. And now that M. Nitti obtains from the Allies for the first time the liberty of dealing with Fiume openly, behold the cohort of those who desire to seize the government name Signor Nitti as the enemy of Fiume — they who had renounced Fiume. Signor Bessolati affirms that it is inadmissible that the Allies should hold Fiume without the assent of the Allies. It ought to be kept in mind that though Italians affirm that Fiume should be Italian, Italians must respect the rights of Slavs in Slavic territory. Signor Bissolati's discourse makes the usual concessions to the passions of the day; nevertheless, its intentions are excellent. The *Resto del Carlino* goes even further in its analysis of M. Bissolati's speech. The *Resto del Carlino* sees the beam in another's eye quite easily, especially when the 'other' in question lies on the French side of the Alps. The article concludes with a defiance to

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the Treaty of Versailles, to that 'lying and ill-fated League of Nations destined to perpetuate war and destroy the conception of a Society of Nations dreamed by Mazzini.'

It is regrettable that so many of the organs of Italian public opinion do not realize that their complaisance in the D'Annunzio affair involves a grave risk of weakening the foundations of the Italian state. Even journals of the *Stampa* type, which have not been overfond of the author of *Cabiria*, speak of his art with marked moderation. At the same time a certain press which timidly sustained D'Annunzio in the opening days of the affair, are now attacking the adversaries of Signor Nitti and upholding his share in the matter. I speak particularly of the *Corrière della Sera*. What can be the reason of all these cross purposes? Has M. Nitti made certain promises to the Allies which he does not intend to fulfill; can it be that he is at work undermining his own position? Let us hope that is simply because Signor Nitti has fed Fiume; it is the fear of the anarchy which would follow the fall of the present ministry which acts upon the conservative *Corrière*. An article in the *Secolo* has the right turn. Speaking of M. Bissolati, it says, 'He does not seek to profit magnificently from the *fait accompli*. We cannot logically claim Fiume in virtue of the right of self-determination, and then forbid a plebiscite in Dalmatia.' The writer agrees with the *Secolo* provided that the journal admits that Fiume has not yet had an opportunity of declaring its free will, and that the last act of M. D'Annunzio had for its aim the prevention of any such declaration, and that Fiume and Dalmatia as well should be heard by the plebiscite. The writer heartily agrees with the *Secolo* when it shows how injurious to Italy has been Nationalist propaganda of the type carried on by Signor Mario Alberti, author of a book on the Mediterranean as 'mare nostrum.'

Little has been said thus far in regard to Socialist opinion concerning Fiume. The Socialist press, well aware of the fashion in which the coup of Fiume was being exploited by the Nationalists in order to overthrow the Nitti ministry, was chary of comments, and limited itself to a firm disavowal of the adventure. The *Avanti*, however, which is the official journal of the Italian Socialist Party, has recently published a series of articles entitled, 'From the Comedy of Fiume to the Albanian Tragedy.' The articles give details of the clashes between the Albanians and the Italians (there has been a large list of killed) and shows the connection between the manifest imperialism of the Fiume coup and the death of Italian soldiers in Albania. The Jugoslavs are now beset by internal difficulties and are powerless against Italy. But it is to be feared that when the Jugoslavs have gathered strength the Fiume business may be the seed of bloody conflicts; the revolt in Albania points to this with certainty.

The coup of D'Annunzio has given the following results, internal anarchy, the first example of military mutiny, intrigues against the government at a time when Italy has need of union, and the fixed hatred of the Jugoslavs. The future of the comedy is overcast, for history has often shown that literary talent, when not combined with an equal power of moral and civic worth, has often been dangerous for a people.

L'Europe Nouvelle

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QUEER TRADES

BY RICHARD WHITEING

PROWLING the quays of Paris one day, years and years before the war, I came upon a half-defaced inscription on a doorplate: 'So-and-so, Maker of Bâtons to the Marshals of France.' It tickled my curiosity to such an extent that I could fain have gone in and ordered one of these articles on the spot. How did the bâton-maker earn his living at such a trade? Nobody had been made a marshal for a long time, and this only for the simple reason that nobody had deserved it. There had been a heavy drop in the business since the great Napoleon's first edition to scale of the world war. The conscript no longer carried one of these truncheons that mark the highest rank in the army, in his knapsack, or otherwise in his dreams. The Second Empire, indeed, gave them freely during the scrap of the Crimean War, but then it was the Second Empire, with its St. Arnauds, Pélissiers, and Canroberts, all names writ in water and in blood. The more austere Republic, I believe, never bestowed such largesse of glory on any of its servants until Foch and his few great associates in the recent liberation of the territory could not be denied. I trust that my little unknown of the doorplate has lived long enough to profit by a bâton boom. But think of the hope so long deferred!

What wonders there are in the choice of some avocations, what anxious consideration on the part of parents and guardians acting for the best. Spinoza, for example, a polisher of lenses for his living and, as a side issue only, one of the mightiest intellects of all time. The Jewish Mishna, or masters of all wisdom in the communion of his Jewish race, had laid down the rule that every man, no matter what his calling or ambition, should be brought up to a handicraft, whereby he might live if the worst came to the worst. It did so come in this case. His people took deep offense at his doctrine; and when they banned him as a thinker he quietly fell back on his reserves at the grinder's bench. Most of them cursed him for the difference of opinion; one tried to take his life. He could have had plenty of fat appointments — with conditions; as a sole alternative of bread and butter, with none, he took the drudgery, and to his entire content. This left him free for the philosophy, and we know with what stupendous results. To him, the 'God-intoxicated man,' we owe the uplifting Pantheistic paradox, if you will, that every thought, wish, or feeling is a mode of The One and All, and that sin, evil, negation are merely the mists that dim our sight.

But the odd trades, without the solace of the vision — the trades of those who have no ambitions beyond jam on the bread and sometimes a silver spoon for the jam. Their name is legion. Turn the pages of the Post Office Directory, and they are the only bits of refreshment that brighten its too solid pages. Well, we can but do our best, and they are the sole mainstay of many useful and happy lives. Yet to the outsider they are the mysteries not only of craft but of nomenclature. Here is one: 'So-and-so, Baby-pacifier Maker!' What a blush-begetting entry in the muster-roll of business! It cannot be a mechanical pincher, for the remedy would be worse than the implied disease of howling, and indeed its provocative. The nurses may help us here. Can it be a certain gag of india-rubber for the mouth, that promises something more succulent and at the same time precludes the expression of disappointment by inducing mild suffocation? A few more pages

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introduce us to the 'Makers of Chin Straps.' For what? The bearskins of the Grenadiers? But they can hardly survive in an age of khaki. Another entry, 'Invicta,' is too generic for our present purpose. Unconquered, but in what stricken field? Perhaps only by all rival makers of toasting forks or of indispensable pills. Then again ponder the 'Egg Guillotine.' The French Revolution rises before us in a new application of its peculiar horror and reproach to the furniture of the breakfast table. Decapitation? Why, even the curate's egg had the benefit of extenuating circumstances. I had to wait till I went to America for the solution of the mystery. The egg has a stubborn shell, and attempts to crack it with a spoon usually make a splash of its contents. By the new invention the machine is fitted to the neck of the victim, instead of the neck to the machine. A lateral squeeze with a sort of scissors-cutter, and off comes the head without a crack or a splinter, and falls into the basket, or rather the breakfast plate below. 'Madame est servie'; and the only thing to complete the illusion would be a miniature tumbril, in precious metal preferred, to convey the sufferers to the place of execution.

Certain varieties of odd trades call for notice. All the entries under housebreakers, in the directory, refer to most respectable persons. Housebreaking is the name of a worthy occupation as well as of a criminal pursuit. Who has not seen a fellow creature perched, pick in hand, on the top of a naked wall, for the demolition of a house? You shudder, and no wonder; it is the man that gathers samphire in a new setting of deadly peril. Pick, pick, pick with the tool, and the slightest loss of balance a sheer fall to destruction, without a twig or a projection of any sort to offer a reprieve by the way. Well, that man is a housebreaker. The other variety, known to the police, has no use for houses in the course of demolition. They must be in apple-pie order, and well inhabited, too, before he can earn a penny by them. His hours of business are marked by a curious bit of pedantry in the scholarship of the law. He is but a housebreaker if he follows his thievish calling in the daytime — right down to midnight, I believe; he becomes a burglar, for the selfsame offense, when he operates in the small hours.

Some trades are both odd and sinister. The matrimonial agent might seem a needless intrusion on private enterprise, yet he flourishes for all that — perhaps as a useful contrivance for sparing the blushes of fools. He is the go-between of the man or woman in search of a partner for life in exchange for a fortune or a title. The impecunious count or baron stands for one side of the bargain, and the widow or what-not with plenty of hard cash for the other. The agent brings them together in strict confidence, and with a covenanted arrangement for commission in the event of success. He has to work hard for it sometimes; it is by no means first come first served.. The nobleman may still hold out for good looks or the remains of them, the lady for something beyond a knighthood. The books of the firm, as they have occasionally to be produced in court, might baffle a chartered accountant. The toilworn clerks who keep them are wholly free of any sense of absurdity in this system of love over the counter, and troop to the office as demurely as if they were engaged in a bank. The 'parties' arrive in due course for the ordeal of the first glance. If they take their leave jointly, all is well; if severally, private detectives, male and female, are at hand for the chance of a job. These more adventurous persons, however, as a rule pre-

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fer the divorce service. The brightest of them, if they have the manner and upbringing to suit, and know a language or two, may hope to qualify as government spies abroad, drawing on the secret service for their pay. Here they not unfrequently figure as persons of means, with the little dinners and the weekly receptions as matters of course. Their masterly affectation of exclusive interest in the passing show inspires confidence in the innocents on whom they prey. They do get hold of a good deal, and that is a fact. Callow youths in diplomacy and budding soldiers out to see life can be made to blab with their mouths shut. Some incidents of the late war have never been explained, the fate of Lord Kitchener among them. But all this demands another chapter.

The Manchester Guardian

A GIFT FOR AMERICA

BY RENE BAZIN

Toussaint Barbarin, wounded in the foot during the fighting which took place just before the armistice, was carried off the battlefield by American stretcher bearers who questioned him as they bore him along. He answered them in the pleasant tone in which he spoke to comrades, but seeing that they did not understand him, began enunciating in a high voice, separating the syllables clearly one from the other. This second method, however, proving as futile as the first, he at length fell back into silence, and was carried off in a gray automobile to a fine new steel hospital train wonderfully equipped with every necessity. The transportation of wounded is never a hurried affair, even when the New World has the matter in hand, so a day and a half passed before the train drew into the suburbs of the town in which lay the hospital to which the casualties had been assigned. Barbarin and the handful of Frenchmen who had been caught up with soldiers from Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, arrived in the night in the courtyard of a great school, which had been transformed into a hospital, a great building with two ells surrounded by huts of wood. By the light of the moon, the less seriously wounded had a kind of fugitive glimpse of the refuge.

At the coming of dawn Toussaint Barbarin awoke in a very white bed in the middle of a long dormitory with very white walls. His wound was a serious one. He underwent several operations, nearly died, nearly lost his foot, and only began to feel like himself again during the spring and summer of 1919. June arrived.

For some time he had been strong enough to pay visits to his neighbors. It is astonishing what a Frenchman who knows no English and an American who knows no French can say to each other. Thirty words in common, a chance for gestures and the play of facial expression do as well as a vocabulary. When one no longer understands, one laughs, one tosses one's head with the air of saying, 'I 'll understand that sentence to-morrow.'

Well cared for, well washed, well nourished, accustomed to the 'pudding' which was distributed in the dormitory at tea-time, Toussaint day by day grew stronger and stronger. He heard it said that he would soon be released. He began to take little walks; he strolled in that part of the garden which had been spared by the American engineers. The site, though of diminished charm, was pleasant still. One found there various paths, some shaded by plane trees, others by elms. One imagined there the ancient masters of the school, the teacher priests, glad of a refuge from the noise of

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sports, the drowsiness of studies, and the weariness of explanations to undeveloped little minds. Because Toussaint Barbarin was not strong enough to be allowed by himself, he had beside him during his first few pilgrimages, a young American nurse, Miss Florence Dolly. Perhaps you have met her. She was young, but of a certain maturity, though her smile, when she did smile, was one of real youth. She was good, active, discreet, well educated, and according to some, well known in America for the extensive travels on which she had accompanied her father, a distinguished scholar of the university world. At the hospital, in the service, she had a serious and commanding air which made an impression upon the soldiers; obedience was the order of the day when it came to taking medicine, keeping still, talking less loud; yet when she saw that her orders were not to be resisted, a swift smile, shining at the same time on her slender lips and in her eyes, revealed a friend's true heart. She showed a predilection for the French wounded; she spoke their language; they were the objects of her solicitude; she loved what she knew of our country; better still, she loved what she divined of it.

Conversation, therefore, was not lacking when Miss Florence walked in the garden with Toussaint Barbarin. Other groups of convalescents were to be seen. The sun shone warmly. Chickadees, at work since the dawn, were hopping about, inspecting the underside of the leaves, and the crevices of the bark for larvæ. The nurse, who had quick eyes for this world of birds and trees and flowers, asked:

'What do you call those birds?'

'The *mésange*. They have but little to say; they are not like nightingales.'

At these words, Barbarin saw upon the nurse's face a look of inquiry which, to a being less simple than he, would have revealed a soul full of scientific and poetic passion, an extremely intelligent mind eagerly gazing into the new world of France.

'Am I not to hear the famous nightingale?' she asked.

'No, mademoiselle. To begin with, these huts have frightened him away. Moreover, it is now June, and the nightingale sings no more.'

She tapped the earth with her foot and stood still.

'Ah, I should have so liked to have heard him. They say the nightingale sings like a very soul.'

'But, surely, you have the nightingale at home in America?'

'No.'

'Really! Can it be possible?'

'Yes, so it is.'

Her tone of lively affirmation, the way in which she frowned a little, made him believe her, and as they walked along, he continued:

'The nightingale sings in April to please his mate who is hatching out her brood.'

The nurse made a little gesture of admiration.

'A legend of France,' said she.

She hoped he would continue with the story, but as Toussaint preserved silence, she came at length to ask:

'What is he like, the nightingale?'

Restored by the phrase to memories of his vagabond and poaching boyhood, Toussaint described in short, casual phrases what he knew of the bird. So still stood Miss Florence, that one might have thought she was listening to a proposal of marriage.

'Not very tall, not very large, not showily feathered, yet graceful of body,' replied the poilu. 'He wears a russet mantle, his breast is gray, and his beak and feet are flesh colored. His eyes are large, he needs them to see well at night. When I kept watch

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over the cows, I used to catch nightingales to eat them.'

'You did that?'

'I stopped it because my mother would n't waste money cooking them. She was right; they are good only to listen to. He's not very clever either about his nest; he builds in the white thorn bush well within the reach of weasels and polecats. He sings fifteen days and fifteen nights. He is jealous of his song, jealous as the violinist of Miramont who hanged himself when he found his master, a Parisian who could play better than he. I have heard it said that if a young girl having a sweet lovely voice, yourself perhaps, Mademoiselle——'

'No, no, Barbarin, I have no voice.'

—'Were to sing for a quarter of an hour near his nest, the nightingale, out of pure jealousy, would fall dead. No one would hear him fall — but you would hear him no more. I am telling you only what has been told me. He 's a gossipy bird. He comes at a whistle, at the mewing of a cat, at the sound of a grass blade blown between the palms, and you catch him on almost any snare. The hard part is to keep him alive once you have put him in a cage.'

Miss Florence looked for an instant at the wounded soldier as if she intended to ask him a question, but she kept silence. Three steps farther on, the conversation turned to another subject.

The week following, Toussaint received his discharge. He hurried away to his farm in the heart of the real country, and he had hardly finished his first fifteen minutes in the house, when he hurried up the thread-like path which led to the mill of Maître Hennebique.

'Good day, Miller, you look pleased.'

''T is at seeing you. What do you need?'

'Not much of anything — some meal worms.'

'Ah, my brave *gars*, you can have a plenty if you want them.'

When he had gone down again into the plains, Toussaint chose a spot neither too far from the house nor too near it, where three elms, standing in a triangle on the edge of the meadow plunged their roots to the depth of a well into the rich soil. They were straight-stemmed, with rounded foliage through the interstices of which the light filtered.

'Either I don't know anything about it, or that's a nightingale's roosting-place,' he said to himself. 'A bird singing here would be heard everywhere.'

With that he turned over a square half metre of ground between the trees, scattered crumbs over it and raked it. Before dark he stuck a short, peeled branch right in the middle, with two worms fastened to the top of it.

At daybreak he found that the bait had been eaten. The nightingale, having come once would surely return. He was caught in a snare the following night, and before the end of the week, three others of his species joined him in the cage which was placed in the cellar, well sheltered, with a lining of green linen inside the bars. Almost at once, despite the remonstrances of his parents, who had no idea what he was about, Barbarin left his home, and made the best of his way to the hospital. When he appeared there, cage in hand, Miss Florence said to him:

'It's very nice of you to come to see me. But what's that you have there? Provisions for your comrades?'

'No, Mademoiselle, a present for you.'

'Whatever it is, I must not take it.'

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'I mean, a present for America.'

'In that case I will accept it.'

He half lifted the canvas cover.

'Ah! I guess what it is: four nightingales, four singing souls! You are very, very French, Barbarin. I shall never forget.'

'Faith,' said the young fellow, 'I don't know whether they 're males or females; that's a chance we have to take. But my mother told me only yesterday that they made such a racket that for three nights in the spring she could n't sleep.'

It required fully half an hour to explain all the precautions that must be taken for the journey — how to feed them, and when to open the cage, preferably on a mild, cloudy day—and also to come to an understanding on the subject of the climate which is best for nightingales; for the United States is a vast Empire.

I have no idea which state will obtain the four trapped singers. I know simply that they started across the ocean; that the captain had in his hands three pages of directions, written in a bold, firm hand; that a colonel, a millionaire manufacturer, and a naturalist were advised of their dispatch; that Miss Florence Dolly gave orders that a cable should be sent her on their arrival in port; and that she had to start herself before she received it.

Toussaint Barbarin, who has gone back to his trade, awaits every day the promised letter postmarked Philadelphia, New York, or San Antonio, Texas. He is patient and hopeful. However, he says sometimes:

'I like the Americans, and I gave them a present that nobody else had thought of giving them. If the ship did n't arrive, whether they were four females, or even four males that I put in the cage, it would be bad luck for America.'

L'Echo de Paris

THE PARNELLITE

BY BRINSLEY MacNAMARA

THERE was little about him now o tell anyone at all that he had been a fierce political man in his time, save, perhaps, a portrait of Charles Stewart Parnell by the side of a portrait of William Ewart Gladstone, in the little musty, best room that he called the parlor. His mind had failed to include anything so richly as his memories of the ending of Parnell. He had hoped after that that the like might never happen again in Ireland while he would be living. He had seen blood splilled on the street of his native village, and the sudden beginning of enmities which could never die.

He had put into that losing battle the full energy of his prime and stood by Parnell, and this was no small thing for a man to have done in those days, yet even in this poor, quiet place had been found a few just men to stand up for the truth. He could still remember well the foul things that had been said of 'The Chief' in this very place, and how every great, derisive roar of an anti-Parnellite had gone to his heart. Poor Parnell! It had caught at every noble instinct that was in him to feel the doom that was closing in around that fine, proud man who had done his best for Ireland. It was a bitter thing to have to endure the sight of him being driven down by some of the very men he had made.

'God knows, but it looks like striking poor Ireland in the face!'

He remembered well to have said this to a faithful brother Parnellite one night that opposition meetings had been held in the village, and dark, angry men, with bands and banners, and sticks and stones, had marched through one another's meetings and opened each other's heads. He had

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seen men, who had once fought together and suffered for Ireland, Fenian men, too, and this was the hardest of all to witness, draw blood from one another with cuts of ash plants along the skull. Yet, through all the darkness of this sad period, he could see always, as in a holy picture, the handsome face with its expression so brightly kindled by the burning eyes, which gave it a look like that of a saint going through his martrydom in the olden times. But they had been defeated in this place, for the mud of all the mean villages in Ireland had been flung in the face of Parnell.

He had attended the funeral of 'The Chief,' and ever after he was fond of saying, whenever a political discussion would arise, and he might have a few drinks in him, something he had said for the first time on that memorable day in a public house in Dublin, that 'his heart was in the grave above in Glasnevin with his noble, martyred king.' Then had followed a period of desolation and gloom which was almost as a complete lapse in his memory. Sometimes the dead quietness of everything made him wonder why a fellow should be so mad when he was young. His only son was a harmless lad, but sure there never was a bit of excitement worthy of anyone with the real political blood in him, now that even the memory of Parnell was almost faded and gone.

Yet now, with the despondence of all the drifting years so heavy upon him, did it seem all the more strange that a touch of the old, fine madness could have returned upon Ireland. This time the division was perhaps not so ugly of origin, for it was the public record of a whole party, not the private character of one man that had made it. But the village had suddenly developed a quality of excitement, of eventfulness, which was comparable only with that of the days he remembered so well. He had not taken much notice of the young political party in its rapid rise, for his way of looking upon anything new was the way of all old men, and simply to call it 'Foolish! foolish!' But his son was one of the new political men, and it warmed his mind more than a little to know that the son must have some of the spirit in him that had made the father stick to Parnell. He could hear the cheering and the bands upon the street every night, yet so great is the change wrought in a man by the years that he never felt any desire to become a part of the excitement now. There were times when the whole thing made him laugh to himself, and he had never done this in the old days when he had so seriously taken sides.

'Damn it, but it's curious,' he would say as he laughed, 'and this is a quare, mad country anyway, to think that there must be two parties of fine political men in it always and they striving as hard as they can to kill one another. And when any of our powerful political fights is over and done with a fellow feels inclined to ask what the blazes was it about? But all the same, of course, I 'll never regret the way that I stuck to Parnell.'

The fight in the village was growing fiercer daily. The young men were very strong in numbers and in spirit, but the backers of the Old Party were putting their best into the contest. And he who had once been a passionate, political man was taking neither side.

'Musha, I 'm getting a bit too ould for that kind of thing,' he would say, when the political men of the present and of both parties came to ask him why. They would point out that men much older than he, even former colleagues of his own, were actively engaged in fighting like devils on either

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side. This always seemed to stir him a bit as well as to be reminded of the old prophecy that it might yet come to pass that a man would be turned five times in his bed to see was he fit for service. It was service for Ireland that was rather obliquely hinted in the prophecy. And poor Ireland, as of old, was again the real issue in these days. All around him thickly, loudly, endlessly was the same great talk of Ireland. It suddenly seemed, after all the years in which nothing had been done, as if everyone wanted to do something for Ireland. Each set of political men now solemnly declared that theirs was the only party that had ever done anything for Ireland. All over Ireland there was a great shout of 'Ireland!' It rose up wildly to the skies. He could stand out no longer.

That night he went up through the village in the darkness and the rain, and for a little while moved as a political neutral upon the outskirts of the rival meetings. He listened with a certain gladness to the tremendous outbursts of cheering and the immense noise of the bands. As he gave attention to the rival speakers he could not suddenly detect any great difference between the rival policies. Then he began to notice things that reminded him of the old days and the memory of Parnell. He saw men who had been faithful Parnellites with him upon the opposite platforms now and he was blinded by passionate, political thoughts. The anger that it stirred in him rose higher with the angry movements of the crowds. Something flashed across his blindness. The first blood had been drawn. A famous Parnellite had struck another famous Parnellite. It was worse than a blow to him who had fought well with these men then and seen the Fenian men strike the Fenian men on that wild day so long ago.

His arm was still a stout arm in spite of his years, and, in the name of God, he would fight again on the side where most of his old comrades were. This was, of course, on the side of the Old Party, and his son was on the other side. It was a queer thing for a man to be against his son. But there was a fierce tumult in his mind. The other political men were moving down on them, but he would stand by most of the men who had stood with him by Parnell. Meaningless, passionate cries and the sound of sticks swishing to the blow filled all the air around him. Suddenly someone seemed to have struck him and he saw a frightened face in the darkness as he fell. It was his son! Oh, Mother of God, it was his son! He thought he saw him stagger away with a look of shame in his eyes.

They did not speak to one another of what had happened as part of their conflict through being different political men, but an unusual reserve seemed to spring up between them in the days which followed, as if each might be secretly thinking whether it was an uglier thing for a son to have struck his father than for a Parnellite to have struck a Parnellite, or even a Fenian to have struck a Fenian. The noise of the fight would die away, but the thought of this would remain a long while in their minds. And even as they remembered it the confused mumblings of them as political men would commingle somehow into a kind of coherence:

Like that — striking poor Ireland in the face — killing poor Ireland — the way they murdered Parnell.

The Irish Statesman

SKEPTICISM AND SPIRITS

It is only youth that has the energy to be bothered with everything. There comes a time when one's mind is 'made

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up' on all sorts of things that were once matters of inquiry; we have profited by experience; we know that some things are not worth investigating. It is one of the marvelous laws of growth that this increase in wisdom should accompany physical decay. As our teeth and hair start to fall out our judgment grows riper. The law of growth is not really as simple as this, for there are many silly old men and there are one or two wise youths. The rich, mellow, balanced period is never reached by some people: Solomon, on the other hand, was noted for his wisdom while still a young man. There is, it must be admitted, something mechanical about old men's wisdom. Truth is one, of course, so that we should expect a certain unanimity. The answers of the old can usually be predicted. Wisdom can be simulated; all that one lacks is the conviction, the spirit that animates the letter.

Deep conviction is a very impressive quality, especially to youth, which secretly doubts everything. The man of strong convictions is a cause of optimism in others, for life would appear a sad cheat if the payment for sixty years of it did not include one certainty. Youth's certainties make as much noise, but everybody detects the bluff. A fearful man shouts to hearten himself, as all the world knows. Between the certainties of youth and age there is skepticism, a *fine fleur* or brief life, an exquisite tempering of the soul, neither too soft nor too hard, an infinite flexibility. It is a state of intense activity; life lived at this pace cannot long endure; the tired spirit relaxes and one finds rest either in credulity or in dogmatism, accident determining which attitude affords the soundest slumber. It is not always easy to detect the true skeptic; that honorable title has often been wrongly bestowed — Voltaire, for instance, was a dogmatist. Skeptics exist in all ages, but they are more clearly revealed at those periods that see the birth of some new inquiry. It is essential to their indubitable manifestation that the inquiry should be attended by the passionate interest of a large number of people. At the present day a very good test inquiry is spiritualism. It is a very much better test than Free Trade and Tariff Reform, for, owing to its comparative remoteness, the true skeptic of that alternative might live and die in obscurity. But spiritualism is a subject on which no one is genuinely indifferent and toward which hardly anyone is genuinely skeptical. Dispassionate inquiry on this, as on all matters where human interests are strongly engaged, is usually a pretense. We need not suppose that the great ones of the Psychical Research Society are less credulous than the majority of believers or less intolerant than their louder opponents; it is merely that, their traditions being scientific, they have better manners.

Psychical literature, as a whole, is as wearisome as theological literature, as incredible but less amusing than the lives of the saints. We lack the quality, be it faith, hope, or charity, which would enable us to share these strange excitements. The 'exposers,' on the other hand, are too sturdy in their common sense. We hear the mallet fall, but we are not always sure that the eggshell is broken. It is a situation for the skeptic. In the late Lord Rayleigh's presidential address to the Psychical Research Society we find that the skeptic has at last appeared. It is merely a record of his own experiences, very plain, very simple, and, like the experiences themselves, singularly elusive. Many years ago, in a friend's rooms at Cambridge, he witnessed an exhibition of the powers of Madame Card, the hypnotist. When

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she had completed her passes over the closed eyes of those present she asked them to open their eyes. 'I and some others experienced no difficulty; and naturally she discarded us and developed her powers over those — about half the sitters — who had failed or found difficulty.' From hypnotism he passed to spiritualism, his interest aroused by Sir William Crooke's experiences. He induced the medium, Mrs. Jencken, and her husband, to visit his country house as guests. He describes the results as disappointing:

> I do not mean that very little happened, or that what did happen was always easy to explain. But most of the happenings were trifling, and not such as to preclude the idea of trickery. One's coat-tails would be pulled, paper cutters, etc., would fly about, knocks would shake our chairs, and so on. I do not count messages, usually of no interest, which were spelled out alphabetically by raps that seemed to come from the neighborhood of the medium's feet. Perhaps what struck us most were lights which on one or two occasions floated about. They were real enough, but rather difficult to locate, though I do not think they were ever more than six or eight feet away from us.

Another incident was the gradual tipping over of a rather heavy table at which they had been sitting. 'Mrs. Jencken, as well as ourselves [that is, Lady Rayleigh and himself. The husband was not admitted to these séances], was apparently standing quite clear of it.' He found it very difficult to reproduce the phenomenon himself, using both hands. He endeavored to 'improve' the conditions for some experiments. After being shown some writing, 'supposed to be spirit writing,' he arranged paper and pencils inside a large glass retort, which he then hermetically sealed. Nothing then appeared on the paper at these séances. 'Possibly this was too much to expect. I may add that on recently inspecting the retort I find that the opportunity has remained neglected for forty-five years.'

And so he has left the matter. The experiences were certainly strange, yes, but in his judgment not strange enough. On the other hand, he is reluctant to believe they were due to fraud, and he is quite convinced that he was not a victim of hallucinations. If Mrs. Jencken were a clever fraud 'her acting was as wonderful as her conjuring.' She practically never made an intelligent remark on any occasion. 'Her interests seemed to be limited to the spirits and her baby.' In investigating this subject he finds that the attitude of convinced believers makes a difficulty. They 'take no pains over the details of evidence on which everything depends.' Others attribute all these phenomena to the devil and will have nothing to do with them. 'I have sometimes pointed out that if during the long hours of séances we could keep the devil occupied in so comparatively harmless a manner we deserved well of our neighbors.'

The general disbelief in scientific circles that meteorites really came from outer space occurs to him. This disbelief was due, he points out, to the impossibility of producing the phenomena at pleasure in our laboratories. Nevertheless, the disbelief was unjustified. Spirit manifestations may be, he thinks, just such sporadic phenomena. The situation is made worse by the fact that there has undoubtedly been a great deal of fraud in connection with spiritualist phenomena. Eusapia Palladino, for instance, undoubtedly practised deception, 'but that is not the last word.' Telepathy puzzles him. If there is such a means of communication, why should Nature have adopted the laborious method of building up our very complicated senses? An antelope in danger from a lion, for instance, depends on his senses and speed. 'But

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would it not be simpler if he could know something telepathically of the lion's intention, even if it were no more than vague apprehension warning him to be on the move?' He advises the society to continue their investigations, and mentions that it is quality, not quantity, that is so desirable in evidence. He concludes by saying that he fears his attitude, or want of attitude, will be disappointing to some members of the society. He suggests that after forty-five years of hesitation 'it may require some personal experience of a compelling kind to break the crust.' He apologizes for this. 'Some of those who know me best think that I ought to be more convinced than I am. Perhaps they are right.'

There he leaves us. We do not believe more or disbelieve less, yet we are completely satisfied. His massive sincerity, his obvious competence and, above all, that impression of exquisite balance, have charmed us. So far as present evidence is concerned we feel that while he has said nothing he has also said the last word. That is the function of the skeptic.

The Athenæum

BOOKS FROM GERMANY

BY J. C. SQUIRE

A WEEK or two before the war broke out I received for review a fat philosophical book by a gentleman named Türck. It was translated from the German, and it dealt with either the psychology, or the ethics, or the æsthetics, or the power-to-will, or something of the sort, of Genius. It was the sort of book in which the Germans have long made a specialty, and which for many years have been almost the only literature that they have sent us. Modern Germany *has* had her poets and dramatists and (for what they are worth) novelists, her Liliencrons and Dehmels, her Hauptmanns and Hofmannsthals and Wedekinds, but they were very little known or published in England. What we got were works of philosophy, of theology, and scholarship. The philosophy was often woolly, the theology arrogant, and the scholarship pedantic. But in our commercial civilization Germany had got a name as expert producer of these lines of goods; she certainly had the secret of large scale production, and she dumped all over the world. One of the last, probably the last, of the pre-war translations was, I say, the work of Herr Türck. Poor gentleman! He was, being a really quite fiftieth-rate philosopher, probably flattered by knowing that an English version of his masterpiece was to appear. The *Rothenburg Zeitung* had called him the successor of Hegel; the *Pedagogic Monthly-volume* had said that in his book the true essence of genius had been grasped and formulated for the first time, and with a mastery that proved Dr. Türck to have also true and shining genius. He hoped, no doubt, that the English, honored by being permitted to drink at one more Teutonic fount, would express their gratitude at length, and might even invite him over to give him an honorary degree.

But he had reckoned without his General Staff, who were at once more coherent and less idealistic than he. If he obtained notices in the English press they must have been very few and very short, and I doubt if the press-cutting agency to which I am certain he subscribed ever obtained them for him. I wrote a review myself, a review which would have gratified Dr. Türck by its inordinate length and puzzled him by its lapses into levity. But it was for a daily paper. The shower of ultimata came; the gray-green streams began pouring across the

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frontier and through the valleys of the Ardennes; the Russians began their celebrated imitation of a steam roller; and a daily paper had no space, and perhaps no inclination, for Türck's ratiocinations about Genius or my ratiocinations about Türck. They paid me, but they did not print me. At intervals during the war I remembered the little tragedy; for I am sure that the philosopher, a man of simple vanity, has never (if he be still alive) quite got over the way in which an untimely political catastrophe defrauded him of a great international reputation.

The curtain fell. No more new books came from Germany; none, that is, except a few which had some bearing on the war. For five years the Germans were in the outer darkness, and all we heard was wailing and gnashing of teeth; principally the latter. Bernhardi scarcely pretended to represent German intellect or imagination; nor did those converts, very German though in the thoroughness and bulk of their reasonings, who assisted our cause with anti-Prussian manifestos from neutral refuges. The intervening pall has been lifted again. German books can be obtained with ease; it is no longer considered offensive for an author to translate or a publisher to issue a book by a German; the public interest in the mind of the enemy is (as always after a war) much greater than it used to be; and the memoirs of Ludendorff may be expected to be the herald of an enormous swarm.

The 'first hundred thousand' will certainly be political and military. We shall have Hindenburg's memoirs, and Tirpitz's memoirs, and Helfferich's memoirs, and Bethmann-Hollweg's memoirs; the memoirs of von Jagow, the memoirs of Prince Max, and ultimately, very likely, the memoirs of the Crown Prince and the Kaiser. All these persons want to explain themselves and throw the blame on somebody else, and several of them need to supplement their incomes. With these we shall get translations of German narratives of the various campaigns, books which will supplement and correct our own histories, and we may get at last the best of the German personal stories of the war, trench diaries, submarine stories, stories (if any such there be) of escape from England, which would be the most fascinating of all. But when the flood of war books has died down, what sort of books will the Germans then send us? He who could foretell that would foretell what kind of books will dominate Germany, what kind of books intellectual Germans will most write; and he would foretell a good deal more.

Shall we ever be able to look to the Germans again for purely 'literary' influences? Generations have passed since the plays of Kotzebue found (was it) seventy-two translators, and since the era of Heine the influence of German literature in England has been virtually *nil*. The romantic story-tellers, the antiquarian novelists, the fairy-tale collectors, the sentimental lyrists: they may not have been the greatest of the world's writers, but their works were less dull and less damaging than those of their successors.

If only they could get back to it all again! How charming were those naïve romances in which headless horsemen rode at night over passes, lit at intervals by the moon that peered through hurrying clouds. Robber knights sallied from fantastic castles crowning peaks above the Rhine; heroines took refuge in nunneries; alchemists sold their souls to the devil; students roystered, swords rang, hoofs clattered, chains clanked, ghosts glimmered, owls hooted, caverns echoed. And the fairy tales: the charcoal burners' huts deep in the pine forests, the

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witches who put children into ovens, the snowy landscapes, the princesses and palaces, the gnomes with beards and tasseled caps, the stepmothers, the maidens who fell in trances with faces whence the blood had flown, the little men who tricked giants, the old couples whose lights shone out into the darkness and who entertained princes unawares. Last came that burst of lyrics in which all the old materials were reduced to their essentials and made into music. It was mostly a single tune; there was little variety of style and metre. The knights rode, the castles stood by the sea; mermaids peered sadly through the mist, skeleton deaths beckoned with their hands and the Wertherish themes of longing and despair were developed and endlessly treated. The hopeless lover looked up at the windows of palace or water-mill; the pining maiden, with golden hair, blue eyes, and a red rose in her bosom, looked down. 'Sehnsucht' was everywhere, and its source and its comforter was the equally omnipresent moon.

If only they would revert! The fairy stories, it may be admitted, were a little unwholesomely crude. The babies in our own legends may be murdered, but they are seldom cooked and eaten by old women. The novels and ballads, too, were unwholesomely sentimental. But though an excess of blood in literature may be disgusting, it were better that the Germans should work off their taste for the horrible there than elsewhere. And though their romantic poetry, for all its charm, may have been slightly silly, it was no sillier, and a great deal less inconvenient to other people, than their clothing with all the panoply of sentimental romance heroes like the Kaiser and Hindenburg and allegorical figures of the mailed Germania. Robbed of their physical power in the world, and frustrated in their material ambitions, they may perhaps turn again to their pretty and harmless dreams. In comparison with what we have seen since, the old German with his beer gardens, his music, his pipe, and his easy-flowing tears (though we laughed at him when he existed) seems a figure almost lovable.

Land and Water

THE WASHINGTON EMBASSY

None but a rich man can afford to inhabit '*the* Embassy,' as the great porticoed palace in Connecticut Avenue has been called by social Washington, ever since Sir Julian Pauncefote's day in the late eighties and nineties. The present salary attached to this, the most delicate and important of all our diplomatic posts, is a meagre £2,500 a year, less income-tax and super-tax. With this goes £7,500 as non-taxable *frais de représentation*.

These emoluments were poor enough in pre-war days, when America's Federal capital was a leisurely, drowsy place, as remote from the fret and fever of New York City as the further face of the moon. But that Washington passed with 1917. Last year saw its leafy avenues whizzing and reeking with a motor-traffic that called for new and ingenious police regulation. Not a bed or a room was to be had for love or money. Lath-and-plaster barracks sprang up by the acre in the parks and public places of America's Versailles.

Fantastic prices were offered for furnished houses and flats. Millionaire industrialists were refused even a mattress in the hotel bath, and, therefore, had to travel to Baltimore every night, a matter of 43 miles each way, for sleeping accommodation. Nor will Washington ever return to its former *sans-gêne*. It is to-day the most expensive city on earth; therefore, our

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new Ambassador's salary should forthwith be doubled.

It is well to remember that at this moment America holds the financial and economic primacy of the world. She emerges from the war a naval and military Power of the first rank, well aware of her commanding voice in Old World affairs. She now has a population of 110,000,000, as well as food supplies and the raw materials of industry in matchless volume.

Most significant of all, America has at last a great Mercantile Marine to carry her teeming abundance. Her trade strategy has been ably planned, and is directed abroad by over 200 diplomats and 1,200 consuls, all of them scientifically trained for the new opportunities of 'America's Day.'

Viscount Grey will find little enough Anglomania in Washington; this is a fact to be frankly faced. As historian of the country, Lord Bryce could afford to ignore the traditional hostility of the United States. But German and Irish influence constantly checked Spring-Rice, who often expressed his amazement and perplexity at the 'hidden hands' which cropped up to mar his unceasing efforts.

It must be borne in mind that America is, and always has been, extraordinarily sensitive where Britain is concerned. Until the war came, her national festival was an orgy of Anglophobia, in which the sight of a Union Jack could, and did, provoke serious riots. Every American child reads, or read till recently, in school the slashing indictment of England's 'Tyrant' King (George III) and his heedless subjects, who were 'deaf to the appeal of consanguinity' addressed to them by the aggrieved Colonists overseas.

A second Anglo-American War, due to our search at sea, came in 1812, and the Treaty of Ghent left much soreness behind it. Then there were Canadian boundary disputes in Oregon and Maine. There was the favoring of the South in the Civil War by our ruling classes, and many other awkward 'affairs,' such as that of the Venezuela-British Guiana Line in 1895, which elicited a bellicose message to Congress from President Cleveland.

There is, in short, a traditional mistrust of British diplomacy, whose 'commercial egoism' inspired the *perfide Albion* legend of the French historian, Sorel, in 1765. This legend was carried into Prussia as an article of popular faith. And even so able an envoy as Earl Reading found British 'duplicity' haunting the Halls of Congress in the very midst of the Great War.

'I note with interest,' our High Commissioner told the American Bar Association, 'that we are credited by some with an astuteness, a subtlety, and a Machiavellian intellect, which I should have thought that you, knowing our history and our blunders, would have been the last to lay at our doors.' The long-drawn battle between President Wilson and the Senate over the Treaty of Versailles clearly shows that Lord Grey, like his temporary predecessor, will have to combat the same tenet of British 'ascendancy and domination,' which Lord Reading repudiated with such genial tact.

Our moral and material 'gains' in the Middle East, and especially in the Africas, are pointed out by dissident groups in both Houses of Congress. French protests are quoted against the Anglo-Persian Agreement of August 9, and also our ally's grievance in the matter of Syria. Moreover, all manner of small nations, from Ireland to Egypt, are pleading their case before the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations. Above all, American legislators in both Houses ask their harassed

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Executive why Great Britain should have six votes in the League of Nations to America's one?

In reply, President Wilson indicates 'the many, and often apparently insuperable difficulties,' which the Conference encountered in re-mapping our post-war world. The Treaty was therefore a compromise, if 'not exactly what we would have written.' Now the Senate aspires to a little corrective 'writing' of its own, and Anglo-American relations are by no means so satisfactory as they were at the close of the war.

'Let us be Americans again,' urges Senator Hiram Johnson of California — a man of 'Presidential timber' in next year's election. Statesmen so diverse as Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts and Mr. Borah of Idaho fear the 'foreign entanglements' against which George Washington warned the Republic long ago. Away with the idea of American mandates for Europe or Asia! Let Article X of the Treaty be so 'fixed' as to safeguard America's interests.

Japan is scathed in the Senatorial cross-examination of President Wilson, especially in the matter of Shantung. Indeed, Japan and Britain, linked as they are in a pre-war alliance, appear to be the suspects in a Congressional inquiry fraught with far-reaching consequences to the Peace Treaty. So it is at a critical time that Viscount Grey takes up his residence in the big red-brick palace of Britain which has Austria just opposite. Italy and Germany are close by, and the White House is ten minutes from the pebbled courtyard.

America does more than welcome our new and distinguished envoy. Her press pays homage to his 'ability, his nobility of character, and all the qualities that win friendship and admiration.' Was he not 'the most active defender of civilization' in 1914? Lord Grey will have to conquer his objection to reporters, just as President Wilson himself did in 1912, when his snubbing of 'the boys' was quickly realized as a failure in a land where publicity is an astonishing passion.

The greatest force that will oppose our new Ambassador is the Irish. They wield immense power in the Senate and Lower House, in all the State Legislatures, and in the press and pulpit of the whole continent for 3,000 miles. Broadly, America may be said to support Ireland's case, while that of Ulster has no show at all. All classes, from President Wilson to the alien miner out West and the negroes of the South, favor 'self-determination.' And in the United States it is Ireland's case which has always been the criterion of Britain's alleged passion for 'domination.' That case America regards rather as a domestic than a foreign affair, so permeated is her own polity with people of Irish blood and descent.

It will, therefore, be interesting to see how Lord Grey's diplomacy handles a bristling problem, which has thus far baffled all his predecessors in Washington.

The Saturday Review

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THE MEANING OF FREEDOM

BY JOHN G. VANCE

HAS anything in history been more profaned than the thought of freedom? It has ever been a word to conjure with, used and misused by peoples and princes, by politicians and poets. Sometimes it has stood for the ultimate limit of unrestraint — like strong wine freedom can intoxicate. Sometimes it has meant no more than the wraith-like freedom that exists in autocratic states — like strong wine freedom can be diluted. Whatever it be, the very thought of it can make a man's heart beat faster, set fire to his imagination, and arouse all the vehemence of desire. The watchword of enthusiasts and revolutionaries, the cry of patriots, the ideal of every wise statesman, the dream of madmen, the vision of seers and poets, what is this freedom round which cluster so many human hopes and fears? We hear of freedom of the individual, freedom of the nations, of constitutional, political, religious, social, economic freedom, freedom of conscience, of speech, of thought, of will: freedom, in fact, of everything that we men prize. In addition, we hear of freedom from oppression, from misrule, from invasion, from tyranny, freedom from fear, anxiety, and sorrow: freedom, in a word, from everything that we men instinctively hate and shun. Clearly, much of our human story, both as individuals and as members of society, centres in this giant conception of freedom.

Of all the freedoms of which men speak — freedom of thought incidentally is only a chimera for those who follow the *laws* of thought — we would single out for discussion the most basic, freedom of the will. If the will be free, then we men can to some extent mould our own lives and shape our destinies: we are masters of our own souls. If the will be free, then freedom of conscience has some meaning, and political freedom some deep-set justification for its insistent appeal. Further, we differ from stocks and stones and all other things which, girt about by law, pursue a determined and inexorable course. If, on the other hand, we men are determined — the only alternative to freedom — then our supposed power of choice is not a reality, but only a mocking reflection of a foolish belief. If we are determined, then we act as we perforce must, governed — what matter whether by circumstances, environment, antecedent events or inherited tendencies? — as fully as a cannon-ball which, on leaving the gun-mouth, pursues its parabolic path, explodes and falls to earth. Unlike the cannon-ball, we should have the consciousness of movement and the illusion of choice: that is all.

Briefly, do we men shape our own lives? To what extent are we necessitated? Are our lives like the flight of an arrow, and is every act and incident like that of a needle that rushes to a magnet? Is freedom no more than 'the dream of the falling sand?'

Unlike many another great question, that of freedom is satisfying. Everyone sees from the outset that the will must either be free or determined. There can be no *via media*, no compro-

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mise such as politicians love between two clear-cut contradictories. What then is the conclusion? Are our wills free or determined?

But first the necessary unraveling of the terms. What do we mean by freedom? And what is the will?

Freedom looks at first sight like a wholly negative conception. It seems to imply only the absence of compulsion. A state is politically free when it can, without revolution, make or unmake its government, or when it is not compelled to accept a particular government by the enactments of constitutional law. An individual is free who can determine his own actions and movements in self-regarding matters without the intervention of some *force majeure*. An individual, on the other hand, is not free to leave, unaided, the earth's surface. He suffers the compulsion of physical law. A chemical atom, too, is determined. It has no say as to whether it will be combined with others to form water or hydrogen peroxide. Nor on being combined can it resist disintegration, once the necessary energy is applied. Chemical atoms are compelled by external agencies: they are not free.

Yet in spite of the negative appearance, freedom is something profoundly positive. Men do not die to defend negations; and many have died in the cause of freedom. It means the positive power of self-determination — a term long used by philosophers before it grew to be a by-word of European politics. In the absence of compulsion from without, the free state determines its own government and policy. In the absence of compulsion from without, the free individual arranges the affairs of his own private life. Freedom thus implies first, the absence of determining, necessitating forces from without, and secondly, the power of making and unmaking, of pursuing the path of national or individual choice. It means the power to live, expand, and grow according to intrinsic desire or purpose, not necessarily uninfluenced or unimpeded, but certainly undetermined by any extrinsic fiat or order or force that could summarily arrest the inner development.

From freedom we turn to the will. What is the human will? Just one of our characteristic operations which shows itself in desire and in delight. We are led to do things, to take food and drink, to move from place to place, to adapt and fix the whole course of our actions which move, now slowly, now quickly, sometimes disjointedly, sometimes continuously, sometimes along the curve, often down the tangent, by our desires. In most things, great and small, we can easily unearth the desire, the tendency toward the satisfaction of some wish or craving, which shows the will in action. On the attainment of our wish, desire gives way to delight. We rejoice in what we hold or possess, in the power acquired, or in the means at our disposal. Desire shows the action of the will in urging us forward: delight shows the action of the will in possession. We delight in what we have: we desire what we have not.

So much for freedom and the will. Now what do we mean by freedom of the will? Nothing in the world is easier to misunderstand, and not a few philosophers have added to the natural obscurity an 'artificial fog' of their own. (1) We do not mean that we can suddenly undo or uproot the whole past, and begin again as though nothing had happened. The past is irrevocable: it 'eats' into the present. What's done is done without remedy and it may be without regard. The past beyond all question impels us. When we say that the will is free, we only mean that it does not necessarily compel us.

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(2) We do not mean that at any moment we can do just as we wish. We cannot add to our stature, cure a lingering disease, nor fly through the blue. We have no control over multitudes of physiological processes in our own bodies. As extended bodies we obey the laws of matter. When we assert freedom, we only mean that, beyond this ring of determination, lies a limited but important sphere of action, in which we are necessarily compelled. (3) We do not mean that our wills have some secret fund of energy which, once liberated, can secure an otherwise impossible result. Our wills simply dispose of the energy stored in our bodies: they are dispositive and not productive agents. We may will something with extreme tenacity and vigor. If we do not possess the vital energy for its accomplishment, then our willing is doomed to failure. Witness a convalescent after a period of high fever. He wills, on rising, to walk across the room. The energy failing, he sits on his bed and smiles feebly at his impotence. His will cannot supply the deficient energy. Doubtless a vehement desire may lead to a full use of all our reserve strength: it cannot, however, create energy. The will is a dispositive and not a productive agent. (4) From the multitude of other considerations we single out just one further instance of what we never mean. In talking of freedom we never suggest that we do actually as a rule choose freely. Free acts are very rare. Habit is strong and forges iron bands. Apart from habit, we very often allow our nature, character, or temperament to decide our actions. Sometimes we give rein to the dominant impulse of the moment, or under stress of passion we 'let fly.' It is easy to give way, and difficult to resist. Our native inertia does the rest. There are thus hundreds of cases in ordinary life, in which we are frankly and absolutely determined by our convictions, by our personal ideals, by acquired habits of thought and will, by acquired or inherited tendencies, or even by the feeling, impulse, or passion of the moment. Free acts, we repeat, are rare, and no sane doctrine of freedom will attempt to deny so obvious a truth. All that we assert is that it is the nature of the will to be free; that the will *need* not necessarily be determined in choosing between alternatives; that, however much it may be influenced or impelled, it need not *necessarily* suffer compulsion. Where determination takes place in the healthy normal individual, it is due to his inertia in not asserting his freedom. Thus determination where it exists in the unending cases that present themselves, is a determination *de facto* and not *de lege*. There is no binding decree that forces us to effect a given series of actions, no necessity that casts its shadow over all. 'Fact I know and law I know, but what is this necessity but an empty shadow of the mind's own throwing?'

Such in brief outline is the doctrine upon which the greatness of men depends. If we are free, we stand out as anomalies from the whole scheme of things because our actions are not necessarily reflex, automatic, instinctive, or impulsive: they may be the result of a rational anti-impulsive choice. If we are determined, then presumably our minds toy restlessly with a few ideas, styled motives, until something, be it our nature, or character, or acquired habit, issues a sovereign decree to which we must perforce yield. Yet modern philosophers have all too frequently denied freedom of the will, and those who have affirmed it, have sometimes interpreted its meaning so as to eliminate real choice, wherein lies the heart and life of our freedom.

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Let us sum up briefly. Compulsion of the will may be physical, that of a physical agent or force from without; physiological, as, for instance, that of our nervous system from within; or psychological, as, for instance, feelings, emotions, desires, or passions which may drive the will to a decision. In order to avoid all equivocation, let us give our definition. A free act is one which finds neither its necessary nor its adequate stimulus in any physical, physiological, or psychological antecedent or concomitant, nor in all these stimuli taken collectively. The problem, we trust, is clear. Do such free acts ever take place? Is there any sure proof that the will is free?

The proof that we propose to submit depends upon the facts of conscience and remorse. Consciences, of course, differ from one another both in accuracy and truth; but the fact of conscience is sufficiently widespread throughout the human race, to be taken as a normal human experience. So, too, is remorse. One might appeal to either of these significant facts in a drama in England, in a public address in China, or in a sermon in Borneo. 'Conscience makes cowards of us all' might be translated into every language and almost every dialect and be universally understood. What then is conscience? Just a practical judgment of the good or evil of a proposed action. At the parting of the ways, when we discuss one of two alternatives, we are conscious of the resounding judgments of conscience. They do not mince matters in the least. Newman spoke of the 'imperious, minatory' voice of conscience, and Kant very happily spoke of the 'categorical imperative.' 'Do this' or 'refrain from that'; 'this is good,' 'that is evil'— these are its typical and unavoidable forms. Conscience does not suggest that such and such a course would be more desirable, more cultivated, or more fitting. It never cajoles, and never entices: it drives. 'Do' or 'don't' are the forms of its imperative decrees. It only vouchsafes one 'because.' 'Do' because it is 'good': 'don't' because it is 'evil.' Nothing in our experience is more categorical or uncompromising. Conscience may worry and goad us for years, causing dejection and prolonged dissatisfaction. Not without great effort is it ever stifled. It is stifled as a rule by being 'drowned'— by those who, forgetting all restraint and self-control, cease to be normal and natural. It may 'lie low' for a period, and then suddenly arouse itself into vigorous action. Thus a man may boast that his conscience has long ceased to trouble him. And then? Perhaps the scent of hawthorn in a country lane will take him back to his boyhood, or the sight of some good deed, 'a chorus-ending from Euripides,' the song of a child, or what not? may awaken his sleeping judgment of good and evil. Once again he will be aware not of a counsel of perfection nor of a balance of pleasures and pains, but of the insistent command 'thou shalt' or 'thou shalt not.' Apart from the commands of God Almighty, could anything be less equivocal?

Remorse, the second great fact, is a judgment of self-condemnation after the event. We are faced with two alternatives: conscience judges 'do this' and 'avoid that': we fail to follow this minatory direction: we pay the penalty in the gnawing judgment of remorse. That remorse can play havoc with a man's peace of mind were a platitude. Many seek punishment for grave offenses in order to avoid the relentless condemnatory judgments that give no rest to mind or soul. Remorse, be it noted, differs in many ways from regret. I regret the slaughter of our men in an offensive, and if one of them was

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particularly dear to me, my regret may be a deep, insistent sorrow. I never feel the slightest trace of remorse. So, too, I regret an earthquake at Messina, the over-flow of the Yellow River, a railway disaster in America, a famine in India. I may do my best to alleviate the resultant distress, and even organize rescue parties. Through it all I feel no touch of remorse. On the other hand, a man who commits some great offense against the laws of God and man feels regret indeed, but, in addition, the sting of remorse. The judgments in his consciousness are as uncompromising as the former directions of conscience. 'You had the alternative: you saw the good and chose the evil course: you must now pay the penalty.' Or conscience may seem to say, 'I gave my decree: you disobeyed; you know now that my decrees have sanctions.' Remorse is thus the internal sanction for the violation of conscience. Could any experience be more painful than this restless act of self-condemnation?

Obviously, remorse is independent of our wills. We may desire its cessation; but all to no purpose. We may strive to change our ideas on good and evil; we only condemn ourselves afresh for our attempted self-deception. If remorse depended upon our wills, clearly, it could be obliterated by one vehement desire, as we all instinctively seek peace of mind. Conscience and remorse, then, are facts in our lives, which assert themselves against our will; the one checking and goading us in a hundred ways, with its imperious menacing judgments; the other rebuking us in a recoil of self-condemnation for past infidelity to duty.

So far the facts: now for their implication.

Conscience and remorse are both meaningless if the will be determined. If the will be free, they are both full of significance. Any order or decree ever promulgated implies the possibility of violation. On that account laws and by-laws state the sanction that delinquents may expect. What then of conscience? It is a practical judgment, and at the same time an unequivocal command in the form 'Thou shalt' or 'Thou shalt not.' By its very nature as a command it implies the possibility of deviation: it implies that we are not bound to follow one inevitable course of action. If we were so bound, presumably its formula would change from 'thou shalt'—the command—to 'thou wilt'—a mere chronicle of the coming event. So, too, remorse, the gnawing judgment of self-condemnation, implies that we were not determined. We willfully disobeyed the command of conscience, and now pay the penalty in the bitterness of self-recrimination. If we are determined, then it is as meaningless to feel remorse for an act of malice or cowardice as it would be to feel remorse for an earthquake. Both might occasion regret in sensitive souls. The one, however, would be as far removed from our personal responsibility as the other.

A short parallel with our obedience to physical laws is not uninstructive. In obedience to the law of gravitation, we walk on the earth's surface. We have no unaided power to fly or 'to fall through.' We suffer determination. And the result? We hear no command in our consciousness in the form 'thou shalt cleave to the earth's surface,' 'thou shalt not fly,' 'thou shalt not fall through.' The command would be meaningless, as we have no alternative. So, too, if we were to fall from a fifth-story window to the ground, our fall, with its rate of acceleration at any point is all determined. We suffer, in this case, a very awkward and dangerous form of compulsion. On passing the fourth-story window, we hear

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no inner decree 'thou shalt fall to the ground.' We are only wildly conscious of the inevitable. Here, then, we find ourselves in presence of cases where we are clearly and indisputably determined. No commands or exhortations are ever given. Were they given they would be meaningless. Why, then, are the commands of conscience issued so freely in the course of life? If we are really determined, then all our categorical imperatives and all our feelings of remorse are illusory, tyrannical, and utterly meaningless.

Thus the determinist schools, however they brave it out, are bound to dismiss a whole group of phenomena, conscience, remorse, and feelings of personal responsibility, as by-products of illusory beliefs. At the same time, they dismiss a unique set of phenomena which give grandeur and significance to the lives of men. We believe that we are led through the wilderness by a light that shines from within. As plain men — and we are all plain men — we are convinced that our nature does not betray us; that in face of any moral danger it issues its warning in conscience; that in presence of any big decision it promulgates the law of our being in one unhesitating decree. Whatsoever be our impulses, however strong our inclinations, we believe in duty, in honor, and in justice. The paths of duty may be difficult; they may be distasteful; all our feelings may seem to betray us; all our natural inertia may tend to weaken our resolve. There may be a pitched battle, with many an incidental raid and skirmish, in which 'positions' are taken and retaken as the battle fluctuates between desire and duty. If duty gains the day, we experience a glow of satisfaction. If desire with all the momentum of its onrush remains the victor, we experience not satisfaction, but undoubted pleasure. Afterwards, in the lull that must follow every great conflict, we convict ourselves of dereliction of duty. In the end, with men of high purpose, and good resolve, duty is often the victor. Of such decisions and conflicts, by such efforts and failures, are our lives, as men, to be judged. By them we are distinguished from all other creatures who follow the impulse, feeling, or desire of the moment. Upon them depend all the greatness and ultimate significance of our storm-tossed lives. In dismissing the whole as mock heroics, as a mere histrionic effect of shadows, the determinists greatly err. As philosophers they ought to explain and not to explain away. Above all, they ought to render some account of the insistent, indeed unique, events of conscience and remorse.

To those great events, we who hold to the freedom of the will can give a mighty and even enthralling meaning. Unlike the animals and inorganic things by which we are surrounded, we men have a sphere of freedom. Animals and things have a definite nature, which is necessarily obeyed in all its impulsive, instinctive, and physical promptings. We men, too, have a nature which is partly determined and partly free. But like every other being, our nature has a law. Certain actions will develop and strengthen us, realize our nature to the full. Those other actions will mar us, leaving us weak and crippled. It is essential, therefore, that we men should know what to do, and what to avoid, lest perhaps our lives should suffer wreckage and disaster. Thus our nature is empowered to issue commands at all critical moments. Its imperative judgments 'thou shalt,' 'thou shalt not,' give the law of our nature. 'This do' — because it is the path of natural development, or, what comes to the same, of natural law; 'Avoid

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this'— because it offends against the law, by means of which alone can your nature grow to its full stature and dignity. Conscience, briefly, is the assertion within us at critical moments of the law of our nature, to guide our free decisions; remorse is the internal sanction for its violation. They both imply and indicate that we men are free.

Let consciences throughout the world be as diverse as you please, there yet remains the extraordinary fact that there resounds in our minds a whole series of commands which call for explanation. In every determinist system, in every code that denies our human power of real choice, any explanation is impossible. Philosophy must explain things. If it fails, then, whether it be skepticism or determinism, it is convicted of error.

It has often been said that law, punishment, and reward would have no meaning in a determinist system. Frankly we cannot agree. Even if we men were as determined as weeds tossed on waves or as puff-balls that are driven now high, now low, still law and punishment would have a great meaning and value. A law, stating that we must or must not do something and adding a list of suitable punishments for offenders, like a sting in its tail, might be the determining factor in our subsequent actions. Thus a law against murder, establishing the punishment of death, might keep a number of 'determined' individuals from killing their neighbors. The knowledge and fear of this punishment might be the decisive factor — the compelling motive. Moreover, granted for the moment that we are not free, punishment may have the full meaning of a deterrent, and reward of an encouragement. A boy on being thrashed for some act of cruelty or cowardice, may be 'determined' to be a good citizen by the memory of the thrashing. Similarly the memory of a reward may be the compelling motive in a boy's subsequent behavior. Of course, if the will be not free it is only too clear that all idea of personal responsibility is shipwrecked. All the meaning that is given to law, justice, punishment, and reward by the fact of personal responsibility would likewise vanish in the night. There remains, however, a very definite though secondary meaning which law and punishment could both enjoy in a determinist code. Yet in such a code no shadow of any meaning can be attributed to those strange recurring facts of conscience and remorse. They stand secure as invincible signs of our freedom.

'But no,' a critic may say, 'your conclusion is too rapid. Conscience and remorse only show our *belief* that we are free. The belief is interesting. Is it necessarily true? If not, would it not be well to offer some proof? After all, we men have believed multitudes of curious things in our time, in astronomy, chemistry, and even in ethics. Beliefs? Why! beliefs are often pathetically untrue.' In reply, we maintain that conscience and remorse point to the *fact* of freedom and not to any special *belief* of our own. Doubtless, our consciences may be moulded and refined by circumstances, by training, conviction, and thought. At any given moment in our lives, our conscience gives its practical, imperative judgment. Whatever may have influenced our mind before the event, our conscience now speaks unequivocally. We cannot prevent its judgment, even if we would. It delivers its command as unaffected by any wish or desire of ours, as by any thought or theory that we may be weaving at the moment. Conscience is thus not an expression of desire, nor of belief; it is a firm, emphatic assertion of my nature, beyond

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all control of my will. Let us suppose that I was suddenly convinced that the human will is absolutely determined. With this strange belief, to which many thoughtful men have committed themselves, would disappear all idea of personal responsibility. A week later, let us say, I betray a friend in some scandalous manner. My nature, caring nothing for my change of belief, would at the moment of action deliver the usual categorical imperative and afterwards taunt me in judgments of remorse for my infidelity. It might even add a special condemnation of my foolishness in endeavoring to escape the dictates and consequences of the moral law by some personal caprice of my own. Belief? Conscience and remorse, being independent of belief, point to something deeper — to the *fact* of freedom.

We may, in conclusion, note an interesting corollary. Beyond all question, conscience can after a time be blunted or seared; after having often sounded in vain, the categorical imperative is at length mute. Why? Because in practice the man is no longer free. Gradually, by repeated wrongdoing, he has lost his natural power of resistance. He has surrendered his freedom to a bad habit. In the absence of any practical freedom of action, conscience ceases to assert its commands. Its operation would be useless. Only after some radical transformation will its voice be heard again, asserting the law of our nature and the truth of our own freedom at one and the same time. Once again, it is only too clear that the commanding judgment of conscience only sounds where there is a possibility of disobedience. We end where we began.

Thus far the argument for freedom of the will from the outstanding ethical facts of our lives. We may now clinch that argument by another set of considerations, or rather of experiences.

It is extremely difficult for us ever to be fully and lastingly satisfied. When we were children we thought and said that if we only had a bicycle, a big dolls'-house, a wheel-barrow, or, a railway train that would 'go by itself,' we should be satisfied. We dreamed of what we wanted and even commemorated it in our prayers. As the result of our steady pressure, the long-desired gift made its appearance one Christmas, or among our birthday presents. Our hearts gave a leap; we were exultant. For a week our delight knew no bounds, and then? The delight began to fade, and another desire began to shape itself, with all the old insistence in our little minds. Untiringly the process is repeated throughout our lives. We set our hearts on something which we long to possess and call our own. With a strange vehemence and tenacity we turn all and everything into means to our end. At last we possess it for ourselves, and then? Once again, we are 'outward-bound,' longing to attain some new end. Our lives, indeed, are made up of long pulses of desire with short intervals of delight. Restless, eager, we are rarely satiated. Like travelers, we walk toward the western skies, where all is one splendor of crimson and old-gold. Over many a hill we pass, ever seeking, but never reaching, the *flammantia mœnia mundi*. We have a wonderful, deep, insurgent capacity for longing. There are moods of desire that we all know and recognize. There are other inarticulate moods of dissatisfaction, when some of those strange undercurrents of the soul, to which no poet, philosopher, or prophet has ever given a name, seem to roar in the stillness. If we satisfy the mind for a moment, the will remains eager and unfulfilled. If we satisfy a feeling or emotion, the

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mind holds itself aloof, sometimes no more than a critical and unfriendly spectator. How assuage a nature so diverse, when eye and ear, taste and touch, intellect, will, feeling, love of beauty, admiration for duty and justice and goodness, the craving to know and understand the hunger and thirst of sense, all appeal clamorously for satisfaction? The problem is beyond the power of earth to solve. When we have drunk deep of the purest joys or of the wilder pleasures of sense, there remains an unquenchable thirst. Never can we find any one object or group of objects that shall satisfy the whole man fully and lastingly.

What, it may be said, have these reflections, half psychological, half ethical, to do with the problem of freedom? Just this. In presence of an object which would satisfy us wholly and fully, we should cease to be free, or rather, we should be as determined as any physical body that clings perforce to the earth's surface. The facts are these. There lies in us, deep down, a commanding, indeed overriding, desire for happiness. We as individuals may seek our happiness very differently. Some may follow the enticements of sense, others may rejoice in intellectual pursuits, mathematics, philosophy, or science. Some may seek their great happiness in religion, in marriage, while others will follow some work of philanthropy, some effort to do good to individuals, a class, or a nation. Whatever we do, whatever our professed or actual code of conduct, we are all dominated by an imperious, deep-set, inalienable desire for happiness. To an object which would fulfill that craving of our whole nature, we should rush as precipitately and as determinately as a small needle to a high-power magnet. Here, then, once again is a standard of comparison, a test case of an action, obviously determined.

'But,' a not unfriendly critic may say, 'you have chosen an impossible test case. You say, with truth, that we are never lastingly and completely satisfied. How, therefore, find a case where the impossible condition of absolute full happiness is realized?'

The effort is not so hopeless as it appears. Let us think for a moment of the phenomenon of infatuation. A boy of eighteen or nineteen becomes infatuated, let us say, with a girl. Infatuations are not always those of men for women or *vice versa*. We only choose the instance because it is more typical and more obvious. What happens? He dreams of her, longs to be in her company, frets at her absence, devotes leisure, income, life — all that he possesses and all that he is — to her service. He anticipates her wishes, satisfies her caprices. As we who are older look on, we think of the inevitable awakening. While the fretful, devoted spell lasts, however, the boy dreams that absolute lasting happiness is to be obtained by marrying the girl whom he adores. In his mind there is no conceivable drawback, no admitted disadvantage. All is rosy and golden and blue. He is prepared to sacrifice income, profession, home, parents, friends. He will be ostracized by the world? 'What matter,' he says, 'provided we are together?' Life is fraught with many sorrows? 'Not in her company,' comes his quick reply. When a few years have passed the old longing for kindred, home, and friends will assert itself? 'Never, provided I have her,' he says. Nothing matters then, in heaven or on earth, except this girl? 'Nothing.'

The case stated is one of clear infatuation. Is the boy free to decide against the proposed course? Not in the very least, so long as the infatuation lasts. If any argument, principle, or statement of fact can shake his be-

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lief that complete happiness is to be attained by his precipitate course, then he may be free to revoke his decision, or to decide again freely. While under the spell of the illusion he is absolutely and completely determined. His whole nature is bound to crave for a full and lasting happiness: that is an irrevocable law of his being. If he is persuaded that the unsullied happiness for which he spontaneously and deeply longs is to be secured by the suggested marriage, then that marriage becomes automatically the object of his whole life, the determined goal of all his strivings. Here, we have given an unequivocal case of determination which is strangely unlike the ordinary events of our lives. As a rule, we see and acknowledge the fact that nothing can fill the measure of our capacity for longing. We desire things vehemently without being blind to their disadvantages. We deliberate, weighing pros and cons. Life is not made up of infatuations, though illusions be not spared.

A free act must be preceded by some deliberation, however short. If there be no deliberation, the act may be instinctive, reflex, impulsive, habitual, temperamental, but not free. In the course of our deliberation, we sum up the advantages and drawbacks of a particular action. The advantages one by one impel us to act. The disadvantages one by one repel us. How different such a mixture of allurement and repulsion from a determined compulsory act! There is almost as much difference as between the heavy thud of falling masonry and the flight of a skylark now soaring high, now sinking low over the corn-fields.

We may sum up briefly. Apart from the rare cases of infatuation, we men never even think that anything to be seized, held, or seen, here and now, can ever assuage every desire and satisfy our unslaked thirst for happiness. We love, but we criticize. We reject, but we look backward. How then can we be necessarily compelled by actions or objects which leave us expectant of some disappointment? The answer rings out with the clearness of a bugle call. We are not determined: we are free.

Of the many difficulties of critics, we select the one which seems to us the most insistent and also the most reasonable for comment. 'Granted all your analysis of motives, pros and cons, and the whole paraphernalia of deliberation,' a critic may urge, 'there yet remains one distasteful truth. The strongest motive carries the day. The period of deliberation is no more than a tilting-ground, where motives try their strength. The vanquished motives disappear. The victor remains and summarily drives the will to act. Why, therefore, dream of freedom? We are compelled by the strongest motive.'

Set out in this forcible and almost algebraic manner, the difficulty seems seductive if not crushing. Our whole structure seems to sway unsteadily. Once again we seem to hear those unforgettable, mocking words: 'freedom is only the dream of the falling sand.'

We turn to reflect. The strongest motive wins. Obviously; but what gave it its strength? Motives are not like motor engines or rifle magazines formed and fashioned ready-made. Nor are they something wholly external to us, driving us to action. They are our own inalienable property; nothing more, in fact, than our own ideas, judgments, principles, viewed as stimuli to action. The strength which they have comes from us, from our beliefs, convictions, our principles of conduct or code of honor, and from our own experience. Why, therefore, speak of them as external driving forces?

And then again, the strongest mo-

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tive wins. How do you know that it is the strongest? Because it wins? Is not that rather like the old 'survival of the fittest' long since modified to the 'survival of the survivors'? Similarly modified, the statement runs 'the winning motive wins.' This we admit, without any reluctance. Why, then, is it the winning motive? Because, in a free act, the mind and will have decided that it alone shall have action-working power.

Let us put the same thing in a more graphic and less analytic manner. A bachelor is living with his aged mother, who depends upon him. He falls in love with a woman, and is sure of her consent to a proposal of marriage. He desires vehemently to settle down in his own home. He could make his mother a small allowance, but she could not live alone. Nor could she live with his wife of whom she disapproves. One evening he sits down to turn the matter over and to decide once and for all. As he starts, the strongest motive is surely his great desire to marry. The happiness, satisfaction, and freedom of it all seem to him like a midnight summer's dream. Temperament, nature, character, and his love for the woman, all drive him to decide in favor of marriage. Against the proposal, there is only one pale, weak judgment, 'don't be mean or dishonorable to your mother.' He talks this judgment down, argues about it, builds castles in Spain, only to find the thought repeated, 'don't desert your mother.' The problem is difficult: the debate long. His own future — the years creep on apace — must be thought of. His mother is a querulous, bad housekeeper. Motives in favor of marriage pile themselves mountains-high in his mind. If strength be anything measurable, they are strong enough to effect a hundred decisions. And yet, after hours of alternate calm and fretfulness, cynicism and tenderness, of hope and despair, the day breaks to find his decision fixed. He will sacrifice his own prospects and live with his mother. What gave the pale, weak motive the power of effecting the decision? There has been an obvious resistance to a strong and attractive motive, an effort to which the the most cynical of men would bow in respect. Is such a decision against all impulse, all prospects, all feelings, and all soaring hopes, as determined as the path of a cannon-ball? If not, it must be free. Instances of such actions performed against overwhelming impulse and desire cry out against the doctrine of determinism.

The theme is endless, but we have done. We have attempted to state the meaning of the much-abused doctrine of freedom, to give a proof in terms of the insistent facts of conscience and remorse, and to clinch that proof by an appeal to experience. We can never be fully and lastingly satisfied by any finite object. Were we so satisfied we should be necessitated. As we are not satisfied, we are not determined *de lege* but *de facto*. It is of the nature of our wills to be free.

This freedom, upon which our greatness depends, cannot be entirely lost. The steel will remain though the rust eats in. It were well, however, that the steel should be bright, that the weapon should be ready. Of what use is the bayonet that buckles up at the moment of the charge? Or of the sword that snaps as it leaves the scabbard? Freedom, indeed, is ours. To realize our freedom, however, we need to do many a battle, to resist the towering strength of feeling, and the surging impulses that guide so much of our lives. The test of great men is that they should be free men.

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AN AIRMAN AT ZEEBRUGGE

BY PAUL BEWSHER

'To-night an attempt is going to be made to sink blocking vessels, filled with cement, in the harbor mouths at Ostend and Zeebrugge. It is intended, as a distraction, to land specially trained men on the Mole, where they are going to burn down and destroy everything they can.

'The whole plan has been under consideration for weeks, and has been carefully worked out. We have been given the task of lending assistance by two methods — by desultory bombing, and by dropping flares. I have here a number of cards — one for each machine. On these cards are given the exact details of the duty given to that machine. If you follow them exactly the aerial operations will work without a hitch. Roughly, the idea is like this: from 10 o'clock till 1 A.M. machines will be bombing Zeebrugge Mole and Batteries incessantly — as one machine finishes, another will carry on. Then, beginning from 1 o'clock — when the bombing parties will be attacking the Mole — you will begin to drop parachute flares to help the people on the ground to see what they are doing. A great flare will be lit on a vessel twenty miles northwest of Ostend to show that up to then operations are proceeding satisfactorily, and also as a final check for time.

'This is a great opportunity for the squadron. The work given to us, if carried out satisfactorily, will be of enormous value to the naval units. I know I can rely on you to do what is required. Now this is the list of the machines: First machine — Pilot, J. R. Allan, Observer, P. Bewsher — bombs Zeebrugge Mole from 10.30 to 11.30 — drops flares at 1 o'clock. . . .'

The Wing Commander reads on his orders in the crowded mapping office. When the long and detailed list is completed, we pour out into the twilight, wildly excited. Long had the secret been kept: no one knew much of the plans.

The first thought which came to my mind was that of the marines and sailors, somewhere out there in the chilly North Sea, who were in a few hours to steam into an absolute inferno of death. I felt how terrible would be my feelings if I had been one of them — and they were volunteers. Then comes as a light relief the thought of the solitary German sentry at the tip of the Mole, and the rude shock he was going to have. Then the pilot to whom I was allotted claimed my attention.

He was a freckled, red-headed youth, brave, fearless, capable — easily the most popular man in the squadron — a pilot with a wonderful reputation as a night bomber; he had behind him the record of innumerable successful raids, when, in spite of all difficulty, he had successfully driven home the attack. He was a Canadian from Montreal, and the finest man I had met in the services. I was proud to have been given the opportunity to act as his observer.

He joined me with my own pilot 'Jimmy,' now acting as Squadron Commander, and so, to his chagrin, unable to take part in this raid.

'Here 's Paul! Well, what do you think of it?'

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'Hum! I've never been to Zeebrugge. An hour over the Mole sounds pretty beastly. What I don't like though is that wait — 11.30 to 1 — that sounds pretty foul to me!'

'Jimmy!' he says, turning to my pilot, 'I have got the wind up! I don't know why! I don't like the idea somehow. I tell you frankly I'm windy about it!'

'That's funny!' I remark. 'I nearly always have the wind up — you ask Jimmy — but I have n't to-night. I am rather looking forward to it. Of course, I have the usual cold feet, like I do before every raid, but nothing bad. I reckon I 'll be all right with *you!*'

Only a week ago I was in a convalescent home at Peebles in remote Scotland, amid the fir-clad hills, and now in the wide shadowy plains of Northern France I prepare to start for a fierce night of midnight attack and hostile defense over Zeebrugge.

To-night we are to fire no 'carry-on' light, for whatever the weather may be the raid must be carried out to assist the naval attack from the sea.

A mist lies over the sea and land, and scarcely in the darkness can we see the black line of the shore. A red and a green light glows in the mist at Nieuport and fades. It is the first 'hostile aircraft' signal of the night, which little the Germans know is going to be such a frenzied one and so devoid of rest. Again at Ostend glow the lurid signals in the mist, and again near Blankenberghe. It is only 10. Not yet can we fly on to Zeebrugge. We decide to fly right out to sea past the Dutch frontier, to turn in over the border, and come back to Zeebrugge a few miles inland from the coast.

At Zeebrugge glow red and green flares. We have been heard far out to sea. Two searchlights shoot up into the sky, and stand slim sentinels of blue-white light, undecided in the mist. The pilot throttles slightly and turns the machine out to sea. It is not intended that too early in the evening should Zeebrugge be excited. Looking behind, I see that the two searchlights have been extinguished. The suspicions which we aroused have been allayed. Ten minutes past ten now. We turn to the right and begin to fly in toward the Belgo-Dutch frontier. At 10.20 we are nearly over the land, and I can just see the little creek which marks the boundary line. We make a few wide circles in order to pass away the time, and then, at 10.23 we turn west and begin to fly toward Zeebrugge over the land.

Upward stabs a searchlight, and then another and another. Eight or more of them move across the sky before us. I cannot see the coast. The sea and the land are welded into one dim whole by the dark mist. This makes my task difficult, for one searchlight seems to be stationed much too far to the right to be on the coast, and I wonder whether it is on the tip of the Mole or on some patrol boat.

The pilot throttles the engines, and we begin to glide downward. I am not anxious about the poor visibility, because I know well that to-night the importance of our bomb-dropping lies not so much in its destructive value as in its moral effect. Keeping my eye on two powerful searchlights close together, which I feel sure are at the base of the Mole, I peer through the door in the bottom of the machine and steer the pilot with the signal buttons. Never have I been to Zeebrugge before, and the prospect has ever seemed so alarming that now in actuality I am not as afraid as I expected. Nearer and nearer to the wide moving beams of white light we move. I hear the scarcely-revolving engines clanking slightly to either side of me, and I can feel the gentle rise and fall of the ma-

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chine in a long slow glide. A string of vivid green balls suddenly rises up from the ground and lights up an expanse of sea and the shadowy line of the sand-dunes. In front of us they rise, for which I am grateful, as they give me a guide to my position.

Now the bases of the two swinging pillars of light which I have taken as my mark lie beneath my bomb-sight. I press the bomb-handle forward slightly, and climb up leisurely beside the pilot.

We glide sedate and silent between these tall blades of light which only move slightly. We can scarcely be heard, and so they do not know quite what to do. Far below flashes our first bomb. Each searchlight jerks into sudden movement. A long string of green balls climbs dutifully up to our left, and falls gracefully over and expires. I lean lazily and singularly unafraid, in my seat, watching the vast scene of midnight activity with a languid interest.

We cross the coast-line again near the Dutch frontier, and turn over the sea toward Zeebrugge. Then begins a wild hour. Somehow to-night we feel that nothing can touch us. We feel that we can in safety take any risks. Again and again we fly into Zeebrugge. Through the mist the great white beams stagger and wheel and swoop and wait. For once they do not terrify me. In the haze I see the quick flashes of the guns, and shell after shell bursts in a barrage over the Mole. In the ghostly light of the incessant green balls I see the round puffs of the shell-bursts, actually touching each other in a long line, so closely together are they placed as a barrier.

We drop two bombs over the Mole at a low height, and, pursued by the malignant searchlights and the rapid ineffectual flashes of the shells, swing out to sea, turn in once more, and drop another bomb. Again and again we do this, and so madly excited and conscious of safety do I feel that I fire a bright light after each attack to show my contempt of the defenses. As the red or the green light drifts down I see the searchlights leap over toward it, and far below, above the shining waters, appears a great white star-shell which the nervous and uneasy Germans have fired over the sea, evidently feeling that to-night there may be some unexpected trouble from below as well as from above.

In one of these quick tip-and-run attacks I lie gazing happily through the square trap-door, and see a string of green balls rise toward me from the centre of the Mole. As they rise they light up the whole of its dim curve, and I see that, instead of the usual boom of four anchored barges at its tip, to-night there are eight.

In a second I am beside the pilot.

'Roy! You know those four barges — off the tip of the Mole? Well, there are eight to-night! Don't you think we should go back at once and have it "wirelessed" to the fleet so that the block ships know? We could be back in time for our flare stunt!'

He shakes his head.

'No! We better carry on now. It would probably be too late; and anyway, maybe they know!'

So I return to my scene of operations on the floor, and drop my last two bombs near the Mole. Our work over for the time being, we turn out to sea. As we move away, we see the shape of another great Handley-Page pass exactly over us as it flies on to attack Zeebrugge Mole for another hour. Our place is taken at once. The attack is being carried out, as arranged, in exact detail.

Now, some ten miles from the unseen land we fly up and down on a two-mile beat or so, waiting for the laggard

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minutes to pass. A few wan stars shine sparely through the mirk, which ever grows thicker and thicker around us. Now and again I see a misty chain of green balls rise up in the distance, gleaming palely in the haze. Here and there, too, move the weak beams of the searchlights. At last it is 1 o'clock, and toward the north our steadfast gaze is turned as we await the great flare which should record in a moment of dazzling light the imminence of the terrific conflict that so soon is to take place. Far, far below in that dim waste of sea, unseen yet somehow felt, the great fleet of vessels must be drawing nearer and nearer, and these brave men must be standing on the decks ready to die. A few minutes pass, and then suddenly the pilot utters a cry.

'Look! The starboard engine's boiling!'

At once the clamor of the engine ceases, and I look quickly to the radiator on the right, from the top of which is blown backward a thin streak of white water and steam. As the engine cools through inaction, the ill-boding wisp of spray lessens and dies. Carefully, slowly, and with an evident anxiety, the pilot pushes forward the throttle, and the engines open out with a growing roar. On the little cap of the starboard radiator our eyes are fixed. Slowly the slender white scarf appears again, and grows wider and more evident in the darkness. It is the pale finger of doom.

'We better go back at once!' he says, and turns the machine toward the west.

With engines partly throttled we begin to glide slowly downward. I stand up and peer below into the murk in an effort to distinguish the distant coast-line. The night is too thick, however, and I can see nothing.

The long slow glide continues. For a little while no anxiety ruffles the calm of my brain. I look vaguely at the compass, an instrument whose red and blue face has long been unfamiliar to me. I look at the height indicator, at the watch, and then gaze unperturbed below me to the black emptiness of mist. Suddenly I realize we are only four thousand feet above the sea, and are ignorant of our position. At that moment we sink into an enveloping haze, half cloud, half mist. Below, above, to right and left, we can see nothing — no stars, no light, no dim dark line of land. We steer toward the west, and anxiously I watch the height indicator. For ten uneasy minutes we move through this vapory blackness, and then break through it. Two thousand five hundred feet, says the height indicator.

'I say, Roy, what shall we do? I can't see anything below. I don't know where we are at all!'

'Drop a flare, Paul,' he replies very calmly.

I crawl into the back, and, pushing forward a small metal lever fixed to the side of the machine, I hurry forward to my seat and look below. Suddenly a light bursts into brilliancy beneath us, and I can see a ball of white fire hanging below a frail white parachute. By this quivering illumination is lit up a circle of cold oily water. We are still over the sea.

'Sea, Roy! What shall we do? I can see no lights. I don't know where we are!'

Two thousand feet records the height indicator.

'Drop another flare — we will be all right, old man!' says the splendid pilot.

Again I crawl into the back and push forward a lever. Again bursts out a light beneath a little parachute. Again I see below a dim circle of cruel, cold, waiting sea. All round us lies the damp empty mist. Far, far away I can

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see the white beam of a searchlight, but whether it be on land or on a boat I cannot tell. All I know is that it is too far distant to allow us to reach it.

Again, at fifteen hundred feet, I drop a parachute flare. An icy fear is creeping over my body now. Below, in the light of the third flare, still lies the sea. We must glide down helplessly into the water, in the darkness, and die.

'Oh, Roy! Look! A boat!'

'Yes! I see it! I am going to land near it.'

'But supposing it is a blockship going into Ostend?'

'Fire white lights as quick as you can!' is his order.

For a moment we have seen in the pallid light of one of the hanging flares the wide shape of a boat moving slowly through the sea, leaving a broad white wake behind it. Near it, from one or more points, long, thin, smaller wreaths of white vapor lie across the water, and are evidently a smoke-screen.

Feverishly I begin to load my Very's light pistol, and fire it — load and fire — and white ball of light after white ball drops and dies, drops and dies. Just over the top of the masts of the huge ship we sweep, and below I can see its decks, with all the orderly complication of a boat's fittings, clear in the light of one of the flares.

'*Help! Help! Help! Help!* I scream, with every ounce of my strength, in a long unending succession of pleading cries, leaning far over the side.

'We will be all right! Cheer up, old man!' says the pilot, smiling at me. 'We will be all right! Drop all the flares.'

I rush into the back, and push over quickly all the little levers by the side of the machine. I climb forward into my seat, and see that we are only twenty feet or so from the water, which lies swelling and heaving with an oily, heartless calm all round us, lit up by the wavering light of the parachute flares. For a moment I see the sides of a ship on the right sweep past us and vanish. Then I realize we are just above the sea, which now streaks below us: I see the two whirling discs of the propeller on either side; I put one foot on my seat — ready.

CRASH! Crack — splinter — hiss — there is a sudden, swift, tremendous noise and splash of water, and I feel myself whirling over and over, spread-eagle-wise, through the air. I hit the water with a terrible impact — there is a white jagged flash of fire in my brain, I feel the sudden agony of a fearful blow — and sensation ends.

I become conscious of an utter fear. In sodden flying clothes, now terribly heavy, I find myself being dragged under the water as though some sea-monster were gripping my ankles and pulling me under the water. My head sinks beneath the surface, and, inspired by an absolute terror, I frantically beat out my hands. I realize in a swift vivid second that I am going to die — that this is the end. As my head rises again I become conscious of the oil-glittering surface of the sea, shining strangely in the light of the three flickering parachute flares which hang above me like three altar-lamps of death. Here, in the irresistible weight of these soaked clothes, only semi-conscious and quite hysterical, I begin a ceaseless, piteous wail. 'Help! Help!'

In my weakness I sink again below the water, and thrust out my arms wildly to keep myself up, panting furiously, and crying for help.

Some twenty feet or so away the top wing of the machine lies out of the water at an angle, a dark high wall a hundred feet along. Inspired into frantic energy by my sheer dread of dying, I begin to fling myself along the surface of the water with the insane

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strength of despair. I kick out my heavy legs, so cumbered with the great leather flying boots and huge fur-lined overalls. Frenziedly I beat my arms. Again and again I sink. Nearer and nearer grows the shining surface of the tight fabric.

'Oh! Help! Help!'

Under the water goes my agony-twisted mouth. Again I rise and resume the unending cry to the empty night.

At last I reach the wing and begin to beat vainly upon its smooth steep surface with my sodden leather gloves. There is nothing on which I can grip, and with an ever-growing weakness I drag my hands down, down, down its wet slope like a drowning dog at the edge of a quay. It seems awful to die so near some kind of help. Kicking my legs out I manage to move along the wing and at last come to the hinge, where the wing is folded back when not in use, and there I find a small square opening into which I can thrust my hand.

With a feeling of immense relief I let my body sink down into the water. One hand and my head are above the surface. So weak am I, and so heavy my water-soaked flying clothes, that I can scarce hold up my weight. Across my battered face is plastered the fur of my flying cap. My strength is so rapidly ebbing away that I know that in but a few minutes I will have to leave go and drown unless I am helped. So once again I send my sad wail across the cruel shining waters. Now and again I hear a deep dull boom sound across the sea, and I presume that somewhere a monitor is shelling the German coast.

Now I suddenly see sitting astride the top of the plane, some nine or ten feet above me, a muffled figure. I think at once that my pilot is saved and begin to shout out —

'Hello! Roy! I can't hang on! Oh! I can't hang on! What shall I do? Is anyone coming? Is there any chance? — I'm drowning, I'm drowning!'

'Hang on if you can!' comes the encouraging answer. 'There is a boat coming!'

My strength, however, has almost gone, and it is an effort even to hold up my head above the water.

Now does reason whisper to me to leave go. You have got to die one day, it says, and if you sink down now and drown you will suffer scarcely at all. Since you have suffered such agony already, why not drift away easily to dim sleep and the awakening dreams of the new life. Leave go, it whispers, leave go. Tempted, I listen to the voice, and agree with it. Shall I leave go, I ask myself; and then instinct, the never absent impulse of life, cries out, '*No! Hang on!*' and I hang on with renewed strength inspired by the dread of approaching death.

'Hang on, hang on! The boat is coming up!' shouts the man above me.

'Oh! what are they doing! I can't hang on any longer!'

'They 're lowering a boat — hang on — they 'll be here soon!' encourages the watcher on the wing.

Changing hands I turn round quickly, and vaguely see in the darkness a motor launch or some such boat, twenty feet or so away.

'Hurry, hurry, *hurry!*' I yell, dreading that my strength may give out in these last moments of waiting. It seems utterly wonderful that I may be saved. I realize how fortunate it is that the machine is floating. If it were to sink but a foot or two, and the little hole through which my hand is thrust were to go under the water with it, then I should not be able to hold myself up, and would soon die. Still sound the roar of nearby explosions: still shines the smooth cruel sea around me: still

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float the quivering flares above; then I hear the glorious sound of a voice crying —

'Where are you? Give us a hail so that we can find you!'

'Here — *here!* Hanging on the wing! Do come quickly — *do* come — I can't hang on any longer.'

I hear the splash of oars, and then two strong arms slip under my armpits, and I am dragged up to the edge of the boat. I am utterly weak and can use no muscle at all, so for a moment or two they struggle with me, and then I fall over the side on to the floor, where I lie, a sodden, streaming, half-dead thing.

'Save my pal! Save my pal!' I cry.

Down the wing slides the other man, and suddenly I see it is not the pilot at all, but the back gun-layer.

'Where 's Roy? *Where's Roy?*' I shout in a sudden dread.

'He never came up!' is the terrible answer.

'Oh! Save my pilot! Save my pilot!' I call out, bursting into sobs, partly with hysteria at the ending of the strain, partly with utter grief. 'He was a wonderful chap — one of the best — one of the best. Save him! Oh! Do save him! He can't be dead! *Roy!* Roy! He was the best chap there — ever — was.'

It is too late. We are lucky to be picked up at all, for it is against regulations. The row-boat goes back to the little gray motor launch which is protecting the monitor with a smoke screen, and must go on at once. We are pulled on board. An anxious-eyed and evidently very busy naval officer comes to me.

'Are you wounded or anything?' he asks. 'No? Good! I am so sorry we cannot wait to look for the other man. Go down to our cabin and get into blankets. I will send some whiskey down! That noise? No! It 's not the monitor. It is fifteen-inch shrapnel shell being fired at us from Ostend!'

'Where are you going — anywhere near Dunkerque?' I ask.

'Yes! Going back now with the monitor! The stunt 's washed out — bad weather!'

'*Washed out!* All wasted, all wasted. Oh! Roy! Roy!'

I crawl down a ladder and slowly, painfully, take off my heavy flying clothes. In a pool of water they lie on the floor, a sodden heap of leather and fur. Looking in the glass, I see an unfamiliar distorted face with a great enormous cheek, and wet hair plastered about the forehead.

Luckily the other man is not touched or damaged, and has been scarcely even wet, so he lies more or less at ease in his bunk. This is his first raid. He seems to assume that this terrible calamity is more or less a normal occurrence. Soon I am lying in blankets with a glass of whiskey inside me. The mad panorama of the night goes rushing through my brain in ever-changing vivid scenes.

'Purvis! Are you awake?' I call to the bunk on the opposite side.

'Yes!'

'I say, you know — we are very, very lucky. We have escaped every kind of death in a few seconds. If I were you I would say a prayer or two!'

'I have, old man!'

'Say one for Roy too, won't you. Poor Roy — he was great! He never said a word of fear to the last. He never lost his head or anything!'

So in pain of body and mind I toss and turn in the little cabin with its swinging light, and hear the throb of the motor start and stop, increase and lessen, through long hours, till, for a while, I drift into an uneasy sleep.

Zoop! Zoop! Suddenly sounds the old familiar sound of Mournful Mary

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bellowing with fear. *Boom!* sounds a loud explosion.

I sit up in my blankets and shout across to the other bunk. 'Mournful Mary! We must be back.'

'I say, old man! Hear that! It 's Leugenboom firing! I can't stand fifteen-inch shells on the docks this morning — let 's get up and dress!'

After a while we borrow an assorted collection of naval garments, and at last climb on to the deck. It is a glorious sunny morning, and we lie in the middle of a little flotilla of neat gray-painted motor launches lying side by side up to the tall stone wall of one of the docks. I can find no naval officer to thank, so walk from boat to boat till we reach the little iron ladder set in the quay-side, which we crawl up with difficulty till we are on the hot stone above. We start walking into Dunkerque, the back gun-layer in socked feet; myself with bare head, hair over my eyes, and back stooped in pain.

It is a strange walk. We are amid civilization, as it were, and people look curiously at us. I stop a naval car. The driver pulls up with evident reluctance.

'We are two naval flying-officers — have just come down out to sea off Ostend — we are not well — can you give us a lift?'

'No, sir! Ration car!' In goes the clutch, away moves the car and its smart, rather contemptuous, driver.

I stop another car. Again in an unfamiliar voice I begin my recitation:

'We are two naval flying-officers — have just——'

'Sorry, sir — got to fetch the mails!'

No one will help us. No car will give us assistance, though we are obviously in trouble. Too far away from these people is war for them to realize that from war's greatest menace we have just escaped.

We go into the French police office at the docks. There by the kindly uniformed officials we are courteously treated. They, at least, make an attempt to telephone through to our squadron.

Tired at the delay, feeling I must move and move through this unreal city of sunshine and order, which lies so strangely about the dim shadows of my soul, I go on, and, stopping a car, order the driver to take me to the Wing Headquarters. The car is full of chairs, which are being taken to some concert hall, and perhaps the driver realizes vaguely that the service does eventually touch reality, that there is some remote possibility of accident, some remote chance of calamity, up there, 'toward the lines.'

Through the dirty but splendidly familiar streets of Dunkerque we drive, out through the fortification to the pink and white villas of Malo. I am driving to the Wing Headquarters first, because I feel that a report should be made at once to the Wing Commander.

We turn at last through a great stone gate, and circling round a drive, stop at the bottom of a flight of steps, up which I slowly climb. By the door stands an orderly.

'Where 's the — Wing Commander — Mr. — Fowler — I — want — anybody?'

'In the breakfast-room, sir — just down on the left,' he says.

I walk down the passage with a strange feeling of fear. Now I have returned to some definite place, to an organization which can comprehend me, the ending of the strain is bringing a strange dizziness.

I open the tall door and enter.

Two officers at their breakfast table look at me, and then slowly stand up in utter amazement with opening mouths and wide eyes. In a second of time I see the broken egg-shell on the

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plate, the carelessly folded napkins, a half-empty toast-rack.

'Bewsher! Paul! Why — why — where have you been?'

'Have n't you heard? Has n't — did n't the monitor tell you?' I asked dully.

'No. This is the first we have seen of you. Oh! I am glad you are all right. Where's Roy?'

'Roy. Roy? Oh! He's dead, dead — dead — in the sea — drowned in the wreck.' And throwing myself on a seat, I drop my face on to my arms on the table and burst into sobs, which shake my weary frame to the bones as the scalding tears well from my tired bruised eyes.

Follows in my memory picture after picture — of lying for a few hours in my little bed in the familiar cabin at the aerodrome, and of Jimmy bending over me with his face drawn with anxiety, telling me of the tragedy of the night, of Bob and Jack missing, of machines crashing; of the Friends Hospital at Dunkerque in a little wood where we awoke at dawn to hear the thunder of the fifteen-inch shells bursting on the docks; of the Red Cross city at Etaples; of yet another hospital in the green silence of Eaton Square; of convalescence in the dream-garden of a great house in Buckinghamshire.

One night I rode into Paddington and found Jack Hudson awaiting me. Three months it was since I had dined with him on the tragic night of April 10. He told me how, an hour after my accident, he had landed with a shell-shattered engine in Holland; he had struck a canal at seventy-five miles an hour, and had been upside down under water with his feet fixed on the wreckage, and his machine had caught fire on top of him, and how by burrowing down into the mud he had managed to free himself and to escape. Unchanged by our experiences, which we related as interesting stories, we wandered happily along the twilight streets.

Infinitely remote, like a scarce-remembered dream, is the war to me to-day. I seem ever to have been a civilian, ever to have strolled at ease down sunlit terraces of London through the drowsy hours of an English spring — but every night with the slow approach of azure twilight I feel a strange stirring in my heart. As the first primrose star blooms in the east, I seem to hear the roar of starting engines, and when, in cold and sublime beauty, a silver moon rides high in the vast immensity of the night, I yearn with an almost unbearable pain to be once more sitting far above a magic moonlit world, to be moving ever onward through the dim sky, where here and there the white waiting arms of the searchlights swoop and linger amid the stars; where, beautiful and enchanted, there rises in the distance a long curving chain of green twinkling balls.

Dusk is our dawn, and midnight is our noon!
And for the sun we have the radiant moon.
We love the darkness, and we hate the light,
For we are wedded to the gloomy night.

Blackwood's Magazine

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THE RED CROSS AND ITS FOUNDER

THE story of the origin of the Red Cross has been told in Continental literature, perhaps, to a greater extent than in Great Britain or America. It invariably centres round Henri Dunant and his *Souvenir de Solferino*. But how many of us who may know his name and his writings know anything about his personality? He is the traditional apostle of the Red Cross. If any have made him their idol, they will be sadly disillusioned when they read Alexis François's *Berceau de la Croix Rouge*. The author is a professor in the faculty of literature and social science at the University of Geneva and has written his book (so he tells us in a touching dedication to the memory of his little daughter, who died after much suffering in November, 1917, at the early age of seven) *en tête-à-tête avec sa tombe*. The book is historical, but it breathes the atmosphere of Geneva, where the spirit of evangelism and philanthropy, we are constantly reminded, had prepared the soil for the religious and humanitarian fervor of the world.

As not infrequently happens in an atmosphere of religion and philanthropy, it is a soil in which the false and the true, so long as there is a semblance of compassion with human suffering, flourish alike. In sentimentalism of this kind Geneva was cosmopolitan. It had been for years the refuge of those who conspired for freedom from oppression or fancied oppression. Dunant, whose chief occupation appears to have been journalism and company-promoting, was not slow to take advantage of this and pose as a good Samaritan. But whatever reputation as such he may have gained elsewhere, he failed to retain the respect of his fellow citizens. Professor François gives him full credit for philanthropic sentiments, although with an occasional expression of doubt as to their sincerity. Dunant was a visionary, and that explained everything But the traits in his character which stand out most clearly and predominate in the narrative force us to believe that he was disloyal to his fellow workers, plagiarized them, and was inaccurate, if not intentionally mendacious, in his correspondence. He was a trickster and had the audacity of a trickster. In one sentence we find him spoken of as *ce diable d'homme*, in another as *le pauvre*. He was a *bizarre Protée*, and appeared *sous les traits amusants ou franchement ridicules de M. Jabot, caricature immortelle de Toepffer*. He wanted notoriety either to further his financial enterprises or to satisfy his personal vanity, but he wanted notoriety of a kind which would lead to his being regarded as a great philanthropist. He aimed at association with royalties and other highly placed personages. He was chairman of a financial company in Algeria. 'As audacious and persuasive in business as in philanthropy,' he presented a memorandum on his company to the Emperor of the French at the very time when the latter was engaged in fighting the battle of Solferino. To enlist the Emperor's interest he accompanied it with a pamphlet on the restoration of Charlemagne's Holy Roman Empire under Napoleon III, and asked permission to dedicate the pamphlet to him. He received a polite refusal and a request to abstain from publication.

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Yet out of all these ignoble beginnings was evolved the world-wide conception of the Red Cross and of what Moynier has aptly called '*la Guerre de la Charité*.' They would scarcely have led to a realization of the ideals formulated in the resolutions of the international Red Cross conference of 1863, and in the articles of the Geneva Convention of 1864, were there not others in Geneva, gifted with greater wisdom and sanity and of sterner and more upright character, men who were the true representatives of the religious, humanitarian, and philanthropic spirit of Geneva. The jurist Moynier and his collaborator, Dr. Appia, are outstanding figures, supported by the veteran General Dufour, whose humane instructions to the troops under his command during the twenty-five days of almost bloodless campaign against the Sonderbund in 1847 are described as everlasting memorials of the Swiss conscience and of the spirit of Geneva in the nineteenth century.

Professor François submits his subject to close historical criticism, and has utilized for his purpose not only the published pamphlets and other documents of the period with which it deals, but also the private papers and correspondence which have been preserved in the archives of the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva—a committee, by the way, which is international in name only and not in fact, for, from its origin in 1863 until now, it has consisted of Swiss gentlemen only. There has been some dispute as to who was the actual founder of the Red Cross. Professor François dismisses the question by saying that five individuals had equal claims — Dunant, who initiated the idea; Appia, who was its pioneer (he published his *Chirurgien à l'Ambulance* in 1859, three years before the *Souvenir de Solferino*); Moynier, who organized it; Dufour, who was its patron; and Maunoir, an eminent Swiss surgeon, with whom Appia corresponded from the seat of war in Italy, who was the mainspring of its inspiration. It was these five who organized the international conference in 1863, and who constituted the original International Red Cross Committee. But François claims that the essential and prime source from which the Red Cross ideal sprang was the spirit of the old cosmopolitan and religious Geneva, at times troubled but widely humanitarian, which now for the third time in its history had the power not only to realize great ideals, but also to make them universal. The doctrine of the reformation as preached by Calvin, the democratic ideal of Rousseau, and the International Red Cross, represent, according to the author of the *Berceau de la Croix Rouge*, not without a suspicion of bathos, the claims of his native city to be the birthplace of humanitarian principles.

The *Souvenir de Solferino* was written three years after the battle. Dunant had kept no notes, and his reminiscence is of little value as an eyewitness's account of what took place, for he was not present on the battlefield, and plagiarized the details and description of it from the accounts of others; at least this is what we gather from Professor François's historical investigation. There is reason to believe that the sufferings of the sick and wounded were greatly exaggerated in the *Souvenir*. But Dunant had a constructive project for diminishing the sufferings of the victims of war. Whether it emanated from himself or not is doubtful, but it appealed to all classes and to all nationalities, especially to those who knew little of war or the history of war, and who were not in a position to gauge the value or practicability of the proposals. It assumed that free lances

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and voluntary organizations were the best means of succoring the sick and wounded. It left little to the regular military organizations. But when the Geneva Convention came to be framed by responsible representatives of governments the International Red Cross Committee had to face the fact that its existence and that of National Red Cross Committees found no place in it, and all reference to them was purposely omitted. Independent voluntary aid was not wanted in the field. It was regarded more as a danger than as a help. There thus arose a certain antagonism between the regulated services and the independent Red Cross associations which became manifest in subsequent wars, but has happily to a great extent disappeared during the common perils of a great European war, and since the National Red Cross societies have become better organized and regulated as integral parts of the regular services under the conditions imposed upon them in the revised Geneva Convention of 1906. Professor François, however, does not touch on this in his book. His history ceases at 1864, and his only reference to the recent war is to point out how illusory it proved Moynier's anticipation to be — that the more the ideals of the Red Cross spread abroad the more would they tend to aid in the evolution of mankind and eliminate unnecessary hardships from war. There is a clause in the recent Peace Treaty by which the members of the Covenant of the League of Nations agree to encourage voluntary National Red Cross societies to coöperate in measures for the improvement of health, the prevention of disease, and the mitigation of suffering throughout the world. The origin of this conception of the functions of the Red Cross is not in Geneva but in Washington, and it would be of interest to know the attitude of Geneva and the International Red Cross Committee toward it. It appeals to Red Cross societies to carry out medical research for the purposes of peace and not for aid to sick and wounded in war. It is a conception of the Red Cross ideal which never entered into the minds of its originators, and which appears to be a misuse of the term and emblem of the Red Cross, restricted as they are under the Geneva Convention to the military medical services. This new humanitarian function is far removed from war and, except for war, the Red Cross has no *raison d'être*.

Beyond a well-merited reference to the humanitarian work of Florence Nightingale and Elizabeth Fry, there is little mention of British activities and sympathies with the ideals which the Red Cross movement represents. What reference there is is far from flattering. A gentleman of the name of Twining, for example, whom François describes as an English philanthropist and member of a social science association, proposed to the International Red Cross Conference of 1863 that, after a few moments of meditation and prayer, the wounded should be done away with in order to prevent their dying with fever in the brain and blasphemy on the lips. '*Cela pourrait s'appeler delicatement de l'hagiotomie*,' is Professor François's comment.

The closing chapter of the book is devoted to Rousseau's doctrine of war and its relation to the Red Cross ideal. According to the '*Contrat Social*' war is not an affair between man and man, but between one state and another, in which individuals are enemies only by accident; neither as men nor as citizens, but only as soldiers; not as members of a nation, but as its defenders. The object of war being the destruction of an enemy state, one has the right to kill its defenders so long as they are

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armed, but whenever they cease to be armed they become simply men, and one has no longer any right over their lives. The Red Cross ideal was to give practical effect to this doctrine and make it binding on belligerents by conferring neutrality on the wounded and on those who succored them. '*La Convention de Génève, qu'est-ce en effet, sinon la première application rigoureuse des principes du "Contrat Social"*?' It was an impractical conception, and the revised Convention of 1906 abolished 'neutrality' and replaced it by 'protection.' But belligerents had not to wait till then or till the appearance of Dunant on the scene with his belated *Souvenir de Solferino* to provide protection of this kind. Many conventions similar to that of Geneva had been made between belligerent commanders during the wars of the eighteenth and earlier part of the nineteenth centuries. Indeed, the terms of a convention submitted at the instigation of Baron Percy in 1800 by General Moreau to the Austrian general, Kray, are almost word for word the same as the articles of the Geneva Convention of 1864.

In concluding this review, we must congratulate Professor François on having produced a work of great interest not only to those who are directly engaged in Red Cross work, but also to the general public. It is written with sustained literary charm, and the candor of its historical criticism makes it a most valuable addition to the bibliography of the Red Cross.

The Observer

IF BEAUTY CAME TO YOU

BY WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

If Beauty came to you,
Ah, would you know her grace,
And could you in your shadowed prison view
Unscathed her face?

Stepping as noiselessly
As moving moth-wings, so
Might she come suddenly to you or me
And we not know.

Tumult of clangs and cries —
Alas, how should we hear
The shy, dim-woven music of her sighs
As she draws near,

Threading through monstrous, black,
Uncharitable hours,
Where the soul shapes its own abhorrèd rack
Of wasted powers?

The New Witness

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OCEAN TRANSPORT IN THE NEW ERA

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

We have a convenient habit of forgetting things we do not want to remember, and of keeping alive other recollections which, for various reasons, we do not desire to slip from us. The war is an illustration of these tendencies. We are proud of the manner in which we mobilized our strength, naval, military, industrial, and financial, and brought it to bear upon a single issue — living for four and a half years for one purpose only, the overwhelming of Germany and her partners. And we also recall the fine heroism that the war developed, and all the wonderful acts of bravery which men of our race performed by sea and by land. But there is a marked tendency to forget the effects produced by the war on this country. As this was no ordinary war, so the disturbances which it caused are no ordinary disturbances; it dwarfed into insignificance every other war recorded in history, and we in this island bore the main burden in achieving victory. Is it reasonable, therefore, to expect that, because the peace treaty has been drawn up, we should be able to pick up the thread of our peaceful existence at the point where it was cut on that brilliant August Bank Holiday of 1914? Have you ever watched baffling efforts to unravel a skein of wool with which a mischievous kitten has been playing? The wool is full of knots, and is tangled beyond apparent hope of being brought back to order. That is very much what has happened to us.

Those inveterate optimists, for instance, who imagine that they are going to travel by sea, now that the war is over, as swiftly, as cheaply, and as comfortably as they traveled five years ago will be sadly disappointed. The progress of everything maritime has been delayed, and we have suffered losses which it will take a good many years to make good. The Cunard Company, for instance, emerged from the war having had half its entire fleet sunk, and other companies suffered in somewhat similar proportions. In the meantime, the whole basis upon which sea transport was conducted has changed; wages of officers and men have about doubled, the price of coal has soared upward, and stores of all kinds are far more expensive than they were, as well as overhead charges of one kind and another. At the same time, the world is poorer, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, sadly poorer. As soon as the present post-war career of luxurious living on borrowed money has come to an end there will be fewer people to pay high prices for speed or comfort. No doubt this depression will be only temporary.

On the eve of the war some sort of competition in floating palaces was in progress. The Hamburg-America Company had recently launched the Imperator, with a tonnage of 52,000, the Vaterland of 56,000 tons had recently been completed, and a third, even greater ship, was being designed; the Cunard had recently launched the Aquitania of 48,000 tons, and the White Star Company was building a sister to the Olympic. For all trades, the tendency was toward greater size, if not higher speed, and more luxury.

And then the Great War came.

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There intervened a period of four years, during which no progress was made in passenger-carrying ships. Labor and material had to be concentrated on vessels to bring us the necessaries of life, and there was some doubt whether we should have sufficient ships even for this purpose. And now that peace has come, there is at present no indication of any intention of the British shipping companies turning their attention to the construction of mammoth liners. According to the last available figures, only four ships of between 20,000 and 25,000 tons are being built, 10 between 10,000 and 15,000 tons, 11 between 12,000 and 15,000 tons, and three between 10,000 and 12,000 tons — out of a total of 719 which are now being built to be propelled by steam. Attention is being devoted in the main to useful types; 237 vessels of between 5,000 and 10,000 tons are in hand. For the moment ship owners appear not to be attracted by the proposition to reopen the competition in size or in speed. It may be anticipated that it will be a good many years before we hear of a ship of anything like 50,000 tons being laid down, even for the Atlantic trade. The Americans may determine to lead the way in this respect, but they are young in what may be described as maritime statesmanship, and have many lessons to learn.

But it may be said, What about oil displacing coal? And again, What about the influence of the internal combustion engine? Are we not on the eve of a revolution in these two respects? There are revolutions and revolutions, and some are very slow in developing. No one can foresee the extent to which oil in the near future will displace coal. The movement awaits the development of a thoroughly reliable internal combustion engine suitable for large ships. Oil will then be more economical in use, and space and labor will be saved; moreover, an oil-burning ship is a clean ship, and as it can be refueled quicker it can earn more money. It is very significant that the Cunard Company is building its new ships to burn either coal or oil — but in association with boilers. That action has its parallel in the early days of the steam engine, when steam was installed in ships as an auxiliary to sail power. Presumably the Cunard Company made very full investigation before coming to this decision. At any rate, these will not be motor ships — that is, fitted with internal combustion engines.

The rapidity with which oil is adopted in the mercantile marine depends in large measure upon the development of the internal combustion engine of the Diesel type. As long ago as 1896 Dr. Diesel built his first engine, and a short time before the opening of the war he disappeared from the deck of a Channel steamer after years of varying fortune and many disappointments. He was, no doubt, right when he declared:

> Great Britain has the greatest interest in replacing the coal-wasting steam engine by the more economical Diesel engine, and this, first, because she can therewith effect enormous savings in her most valuable treasure, coal, and thus defer the exhaustion of her stock; and, secondly, because she can run her coal industry and the interdependent chemical industries on more economical lines when using coal on rational lines. Finally, because she will also make herself free and independent of liquid fuels by using coal to give tar and tar oils that can be employed in the Diesel engine.

It is seven years since this inventor made that statement, and the Diesel engine is still in process of development, and not much progress has been made in the line of coal research he suggested. The largest Diesel engine

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for marine use which had been built on the eve of the war was for an oil-tank vessel belonging to Germany. It developed 2,000 brake horse power and had six cylinders. The Americans are now devoting a good deal of attention to this revolutionary type of engine. Two motor ships, of five on order in one yard, have recently been completed. They are wooden ships with a dead-weight carrying capacity of 4,000 tons, and each is fitted with two 500 b.h.p. six-cylinder Winton-Diesel engines of the four-cycle type. Motor ships are being built in this country, but not a relatively large number. The Diesel type of engine is coming, but it is still in its infancy. All that can be said at present is that, owing to the economies which it represents, it appears to be the engine of the future. A number of technical difficulties have to be surmounted, as no doubt they will be surmounted by the keen technical minds in this and other countries which are now studying the problem.

But nothing has yet occurred to lead merchant shipowners to scrap their existing vessels, as it has been suggested that the men-of-war of the British Fleet — almost all using oil and not coal, but with steam boilers — should be scrapped. That is not the method of business men. They are going on building steamships instead of adventuring their all in motor ships, patiently watching the course of events. They have to earn dividends. But when we can utilize our coal to the maximum advantage, as Dr. Diesel suggested, and some of the remaining problems associated with the Diesel engine have been solved, as they will be solved, the steam engine will follow sails into oblivion. The future lies with the motor ship.

The Daily Telegraph

AMERICA AND INTERNATIONAL FINANCE

BY 'BRITANNICUS'

THE loan which it has been arranged to issue in the United States on behalf of the Belgian Government has two aspects of particular interest. In the first place, it testifies to the confidence which the very shrewd financiers of America who have visited Belgium feel in her prospects. That confidence, in my judgment, is well founded. Some rather exaggerated pictures have recently been drawn in New York and Washington of the ruin of Europe. Belgium is very far from being ruined. In the way of material destruction she has suffered relatively little. There are only one or two places where the war has left behind it the chaos of demolition that is uniform throughout Northern France. For four years there was very little fighting on Belgian soil. The retreat of the invaders was too hurried and demoralized to permit of systematic violence; and though, while they were in possession, they removed most of the machinery from the Belgian factories and did a good deal of damage to communications and public works, it was to their interest to preserve the fundamentals of existence. So far as they could they made the Belgians work for them; their own needs set a limit on the amount of devastation it was profitable to undertake.

In many ways, indeed, Belgium has begun life anew under more favorable auspices than one can detect in the case of any other of the European belligerents. The thrifty, independent, and laborious temper of her people is a great asset in their favor. They have always been among the hardest workers in the world. Again, they draw a perennial strength from the fact that

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one man in every six is a landowner, and that some five sevenths of the population live not in cities, but in the twenty-five hundred villages and townlets that dot the land. Before the war no other people on earth obtained such a return from the soil as did the Belgians; and when one can say of a nation that it has an agricultural backbone and the habit of hard work, one knows that it is indestructible, and that no conceivable calamity can really ruin it.

In the case of Belgium all the signs point to a rapid recovery. Like every other nation of small-holders, her people are protected against Bolshevism. They are tackling the problems of reconstruction with energy and success; their public debt, almost all of which, apart from the war, has been incurred on behalf of reproductive utilities, is still the lowest in belligerent Europe; nothing can take from them the advantages they enjoy as one of the commercial gateways to Germany; their quick industrial and speculative instinct seems to have been in no way impaired by four years of foreign domination; and they are at this moment enjoying one of the most bounteous harvests on record. The Americans, I think, have made no mistake in agreeing to raise a loan for the Belgian Government, much of which will doubtless be spent on purchasing agricultural implements, rails, and locomotives in the United States. The social, political, and industrial conditions of the country, and the spirit of the people, furnish ample security; and I am somewhat chagrined that this, the first Belgian loan to be placed with private bankers abroad since the armistice, did not fall to London.

The fact is significant not only in itself but for what it portends. Very clearly the Americans intend as far as they can to supplant Great Britain as the centre of international finance and to become bankers to the universe. They are awakening to the connection between the export of capital and the export of goods, and the enormous balance of trade in their favor almost compels them to invest a great deal of money abroad. But how far is this process likely to be carried? America, it may be said, has the wealth and can, therefore, carry it as far as she pleases. But, after all, the financial predominance of London before the war was never a matter of wealth alone. Geography, habit, a liberal fiscal policy, a free and elastic currency and banking system, the cosmopolitan outlook of the British investor, and the felt need for expansion overseas, all contributed to it.

America, however, lies remote from the world-routes of trade; her protective tariffs encourage a narrow and rigid attitude toward the larger problems of commerce; her banking system, while no longer the worst in the world, has still to prove its stability in a time of trial; she possesses little or none of the machinery which exists in Great Britain for carrying on the business of international finance, and still less of the experience for carrying it on successfully; and her people are curiously lacking in interest in and understanding of other lands than their own. There are many men in New York who have the resources and who are rapidly acquiring the knowledge that would qualify them for a high place among international financiers. But it is doubtful how far they can count upon the support of the average citizen in whatever efforts they may make to increase America's stake in, let us say, Mesopotamia or Belgium or the Argentine.

It certainly needs a more vigorous exercise of the imagination than I am capable of to conceive the New York Stock Exchange with a list of foreign

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securities even one tenth the size of London's, or to picture 'the man in the cars' turning away from farm mortgages and government bonds and railway debentures and all the other safe and purely American investments he has hitherto affected and putting his savings in the bonds of European governments or in metal, oil, traction, and lighting companies and manufacturing and development enterprises in a number of foreign countries that he could hardly 'locate' on the map. In financial matters the Americans have never yet been international. Their horizon has been bounded by their own far-flung frontiers; and to get them to look beyond may prove no easy matter. The propelling motive, if not lacking altogether, is weak. Why should an American invest abroad when he can find a safe seven or eight per cent in his own country? And how can a land where such returns are obtainable on unimpeachable security — a land, moreover, that is still only on the threshold of its growth and not yet within a hundred years of being filled up — play a leading part in international finance? Perhaps this Belgian loan may show.

The Outlook

GLOUCESTERSHIRE — FROM ABROAD

BY F. W. HARVEY

On Dinny Hill the daffodil
  Has crowned the year's returning,
The water cool in Placket Pool
  Is ruffled up and burning
In little wings of fluttering fire:
And all the heart of my desire
Is now to be in Gloucestershire.

The river flows, the blossom blows
  In orchards by the river:
O now to stand in that, my land,
  And watch the withies shiver!
The yearning eyes of my desire
Are blinded by a twinkling fire
Of turning leaves in Gloucestershire.

The shadows fleet o'er springing wheat
  Which like green water washes
The red old earth of Minsterworth,
  And ripples in such flashes
As by their little harmless fire
Light the great stack of my desire
This day to be in Gloucestershire.

The New Witness

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TALK OF EUROPE

SONG OF WHITEHALL

(*Sung in Prospect of Demobilization*)

I FULLY admit that our staff is too large —
That Smithers (for instance) might have his discharge,
And half of the typists who frivol at tea —
But what would the country do if they sacked me?
When things in the trenches were going amiss,
I stuck to my job like a hero — and this
Is how they reward one for winning the war:
By showing one, very politely, the door!

I don't mean to say that they 've sacked me as yet;
And I cannot believe that they 'd ever forget
All the minutes I 've written, the forms that I 've signed —
But a rumor has reached me and troubled my mind.

And must my experience be all thrown away?
Will they empty my chair, and my pockets of pay?
I don't think they will. But I tremble with fear,
For I don't like the tone of the rumor I hear.

I'll stick to my job while I can, in the hope
That they 'll make me Controller of Blacking or Soap.
If they told me to go, then oh, where would I be?
And what would the country do if they sacked me?

Theodore Maynard

A REMARKABLE social phenomenon, which may have far-reaching results, has been initiated recently in Italy. The matter is surrounded a little with mystery, and it is hard to get at the precise facts, especially as the printers of the Rome daily papers were at last accounts still on strike, and the capital had been without its usual newspapers for six weeks.

Everyone knows that Rome is surrounded by what is largely a kind of wilderness, great uncultivated plains of once highly fertile land, now belonging to a few landed owners. The peasants of the Campagna have often threatened to invade these territories and put them under cultivation, and they have in many places carried out their threat. A day was appointed for the initiation of the great movement, and on that day and during all the week bands of peasants, armed only with the implements of husbandry, descended upon many of the uncultivated estates of the Campagna and staked out claims for themselves. These large estates belong chiefly to Roman princes, who preserve them for game or leave them neglected.

The physical occupation of the territories by the peasants has been tried before, but never on such a scale as during the present movement.

The procedure in nearly all cases seems to have been the same. At dawn, headed by bands playing music and in procession, the peasants of Albano, Castelgandolfo, Frascati, Zagarolo, and other communes, all within twenty miles of Rome, set out for the uncultivated lands. Here it is a little difficult to know exactly what happened. In a few cases there were collisions with the police or the keepers of the owners, but in the majority of cases, and notably at Albano and Castelgandolfo, no opposition at all was made. The peasants took possession of the land, and are now beginning to work it and to build themselves rough huts on it wherein to live. At Sutri, a village to the north of Rome, there were conflicts with the police, and some peasants were arrested.

Speaking to a landowner who has property at Zagarolo, where these happenings also took place, a correspondent asked him how the matter was going to work out.

'The trouble may begin when it comes to the harvest time, to reaping the benefits of the new labor,' he said. 'The proprietors will wake up then.' And such seems to be

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the explanation of the generally peaceful way in which 'the invasion' has passed off. The owners have no very strong objection to peasants coming and working their land. When it comes to a division of the fruits of the labor it may be a different thing.

In the meanwhile, *ci penserà il governo*, the government will see to it, they say. There is a typically Southern philosophy in this attitude.

NOISES AT NIGHT

When I wake up in the night time,
And the moon is shining bright,
And the little mice are busy
In the cupboards out of sight,
And the boards creak in the ceiling,
And the chairs begin to groan —
Then the world's a bogey dungeon, and
Oh! I feel so *dread*fully alone.
Then I hear such funny noises
In the garden down below,
Just like mighty armies marching
Forth to fight a silent foe,
And the branches in the tree-tops
Shriek out loud an awful threat —
All the world seems angry, somehow, and
Oh! I feel so *dread*fully upset.
Then the sun comes shyly peeping
In behind the yellow blind,
And the shadows break and vanish
Till not one is left behind,
And the birds begin their music;
So I must have been deceived —
For the world's one huge glad Morning, and
Oh! I feel so *dread*fully relieved.

A. S.

One of the minor results of the war is likely to be a redistribution of many of the precious and historic things long treasured by the royal houses of the defeated countries. So far no tidings have reached us as to what the new German Republic proposes doing with the crown and other state jewels of the ex-Kaiser, which were presumably left behind in Berlin when the flight to Holland took place, but when the Bolsheviki were in power in Hungary there was a widely current report that the famous Iron Crown was to be sold, and for only £4000, as far as we remember. As the crown, in spite of the vulgar nature of its metal, was set thickly with jewels, always supposed to be real, the price seemed very moderate; even if the jewels had been spirited from their settings the historic associations would be cheap at the price to any American collector. The latest rumored treasure for the market is of a much more imposing character, at any rate from the point of view of intrinsic value. The bankrupt Turkish Government is said to be about to sell a number of pieces from the state treasury, among which the most important is the celebrated Peacock Throne, brought from Delhi in 1739 by the conquering Persian invader, Nadir Shah, when he returned to his own country, and later taken by the Turks to Constantinople. The throne, which takes its name from two golden peacocks wrought behind it, their tails being inlaid in natural colors with a profusion of gems, is in the shape of a bed (somewhat wider than an ordinary single bed), and among the stones decorating it are 108 large rubies and 116 emeralds. Perhaps we should say 'were' rather than 'are,' since the most recent detailed description appears to be that given by the French jeweler, Tavernier, who saw it in 1665. He particularly praised the pearls with which the 12 columns supporting the canopy were adorned, but as in the East stones are usually left uncut, the full beauty of the transparent stones was probably hard to appreciate. The value of the throne must be enormous, but it is difficult to be precise about it, since while some authorities think £750,000 an exaggerated price, others put the figure at about £6,000,000!

We venture to advise America to adopt the principle of self-determination in Hawaii.

America ought to give complete independence to the Philippines, if it is impossible to return that territory to Spain, which formerly owned it. The American Government has already expressed its willingness to make the Philippines independent, and independence is most earnestly wanted by the majority of the Filipinos. The American Government should, therefore, carry out the plan for independence without any further loss of time. This would fit in with President Wilson's prin-

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ciple and with the opinions expressed in the United States Senate.

If America clamors for the independence of the places owned by other countries, without taking any steps regarding the territory she has formerly taken from other countries, it means that she is doing wrongs herself while rebuking other countries. Is it not easier to make one's own territory independent than the territory owned by others?

If Americans really mean to claim independence for Korea and Ireland, they should return to Mexico not only California, Texas, Kansas, Utah, and Nevada, which were captured from Mexico, but also a part of Wyoming, Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico.

If it is true that America has asked the Omsk Government for the lease of Kamchatka, she should agree to the Japanese Government leasing some areas or islands in Mexico or other countries.

Otherwise, the action of Americans in clamoring for independence for the territories of other countries and in bandying the principle of justice and humanity will be regarded as hypocritical; it will be taken for granted that Americans delight in the disturbance of peace in other countries.

While addressing the above-mentioned advice to America, we urge that at the first conference of the League of Nations Japan should bring forward a proposal for the execution of the principle of self-determination in Hawaii and the Philippines. This proposal will prove an acid test of America's so-called principle of justice and humanity. — From the *Yamato*, August 25, 1919.

THERE are increasing signs of a regrettable state of things in Ireland. Following on the recent shooting of a police sergeant came a daring raid for rifles at Fermoy. It seems that while eighteen men of the Shropshire Light Infantry, carrying rifles and sidearms, but no ammunition, were on the point of entering the Wesleyan Chapel, they were fired on by a party who drove up in motor cars, seized a number of rifles, and escaped. A number of men, supposed to be implicated in the affair, have since been arrested. Private William Jones, aged thirty-four, fell, shot dead. Three other soldiers were wounded. At the inquest next day the jury returned a verdict of death by a bullet wound inflicted by persons unknown, and expressed the opinion that the attack on the soldiery was made for the purpose of capturing the rifles and not for the purpose of killing anyone. This outrage was followed the next night by retaliation, though not in kind, by the soldiers stationed in the town. Shortly before nine o'clock a party of troops led by men of the Shropshire Light Infantry and Royal Field Artillery appeared on the streets and set to work to smash the shop windows. They were joined by a number of women and boys, and systematic looting began, with the result that some fifty or sixty shops were wrecked within an hour and a half. The whole body, reports a *Times* correspondent, was led by a soldier, who gave signals with a whistle at intervals to rally his followers and direct their movements. Hundreds of pairs of boots and shoes were taken from the shops by the mob, and the soldiers were seen marching to the barracks swinging boots or shoes in their hands. A jewelry shop belonging to the foreman of the coroner's jury at the inquest on the body of Private Jones received particular attention. The crashing of falling glass dominated all other sounds while the affair lasted, the windows of business houses in several streets and along the quays being broken.

WARTIME restrictions are completely removed and the tourist can now travel wherever he wishes in the North of Scotland. No longer has one to obtain a passport and photograph to travel beyond Inverness. This being so, it is somewhat surprising that comparatively few people appear to be undertaking the long journey to Orkney. The journey to Inverness is even at present comparatively easy from Manchester, if one is prepared to pass a night in the train and awaken in the capital of the Highlands early next morning. Beyond Inverness the train journey is slow, as the line follows the coast, but the views obtainable of the Beauly, Cromarty, and Dornoch Firths amply repay one for the fatigue endured. The grandeur of the mountains of Sutherland is probably unsurpassed in

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these islands. The final stage of the journey to Thurso through the brown hills of Caithness after Forsinard is left behind is somewhat wearisome. There are miles upon miles of practically uninhabited countryside, reminding one of the South African veld.

Thurso is reached in time for luncheon before embarking on the mail steamer at St. Ola for the passage across the Pentland Firth. On leaving Scrabster the distant hills of Orkney come in view, and if the day is clear the cliffs of Hoy, with the famed Old Man, can be distinctly seen. The Pentland Firth, with its tide-races and exposure to the Western Ocean, is capable of providing the traveler with some unpleasant experiences and recollections, but frequently the Firth does not live up to its evil reputation, and the passage is effected without any rough-and-tumble. In any case, even when the mail steamer lurches and rolls her worst, it is a comfort to recollect that she is reputed to have crossed twice daily for fully twenty-seven years, and that she has never yet 'couped.'

But the chief attraction at the present time is that the mail steamer does not pursue her usual course, but diverges to call alongside the naval base ship H.M.S. Victorious with mails and naval ratings. After a two-hours' journey we enter Scapa Flow by the Longhope entrance.

Here one gets some idea of what a great improvised naval base looks like, even now, when the Grand Fleet has for the most part departed — the shores of the islands covered with temporary buildings of all sorts, the coal hulks, hospital and repair ships, the immense floating dock, the crowds of drifters and mine-sweepers, the general air of bustle and hurry. Before running alongside the Victorious an obliging petty officer points out a group of fully a score of salved German destroyers, all huddled together in Lyness Bay, also, marshaled side by side, three salved cruisers, the Nürnberg, the Emden (the successor of the famous cruiser, with an enormous Iron Cross painted on her bows), and another. It is only after we cast off from the base ship that we fully realize the cataclysm which has overtaken the mighty German navy. We steam for a considerable distance past numerous masts with wireless equipment popping up everywhere above the surface, suggestive of the powerful ships now rusting at the bottom of the sea. We note a destroyer lying almost high and dry on the beach. We steam past the mighty hull of the Seidlitz, lying on her side like a great whale or monster of the deep, half submerged on the one side, showing her red bottom and rolling bilges, on the other her funnels and decks with their fittings, a sight never to be forgotten.

A short distance from the Seidlitz lies the Hindenburg. She has sunk erect; no list is detected in her masts or funnels, and her deck is still well above the surface. Her appearance does not give one the same sense of overwhelming and irretrievable disaster as is afforded by the Seidlitz.

Before leaving Orkney one should see Holm Sound, or one of the other entrances to Scapa Flow, still sealed against the ingress of submarines or other craft by British merchant ships sunk stem to stern, linked together by chains, with the tide racing between them. The surprising thing to a landsman was the way these 'block ships' appear to have survived, apparently with little or no damage, the stormy seas of several northern winters.

The trip roughly outlined in these notes is well worth undertaking, if it were only for the unique experience of seeing what is left of the High Seas Fleet.

W. B. B.

Although the solicitors to the Duke of Devonshire will neither confirm nor deny the report that Devonshire House, Piccadilly, has been sold to a British syndicate, there is every reason to believe that the statement is correct, and the purchase price is understood to be about £750,000.

Since the Duke of Devonshire went to Canada in 1916, there has been more than one offer for the acquisition of his historic mansion, and rumor has been busy with various schemes which were said to be on foot for the establishment of a large hotel to be run by an American syndicate. Whether the British purchasers of the property intend to erect an hotel or an imposing block of high-class flats cannot at present be definitely stated; though in-

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quiries made by an *Observer* representative recently show that the latter supposition is regarded as the more likely.

The demolition of Devonshire House will rob London of its most famous mansion, and one which, with the exception of Holland House, has played a more important part in its social and political life than any other.

With its disappearance, and the erection on the site of tall premises, in line with the adjoining houses, a material — one might say a lamentable — alteration will be made in the appearance of Piccadilly. The agreeable break, with its stretch of sky, will cease to exist when Devonshire House and its spacious forecourt, through which so many brilliant companies of guests have passed, have given place to a towering hotel or a mammoth pile of flats. With the exception of the well-known club, familiarly known as the 'In and Out' Club, a little lower down, Piccadilly will then present an uninterrupted line of frontage.

In the event of the purchasers deciding to build an hotel on the site of the mansion, Piccadilly could claim to possess the lion's share of London's high-class hotels, for in it are situated the Piccadilly Hotel, Prince's, the Ritz, and the Berkeley. Not one of these, however, enjoys the unrivaled prospect over the Green Park, which will be the pleasant portion of the visitors or tenants of the building that will occupy the grounds of Devonshire House, though the Ritz Hotel partly shares this advantage.

For many years the front of Devonshire House was hidden completely from view by a blank wall, but in 1897 the beautiful iron gates, which form such a feature at this point of the thoroughfare, were brought there from the Duke's residence at Chatsworth.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Lieutenant-Colonel Repington is the military critic of the *Morning Post*.

* * *

'Astolfio' is a signature of the Italian correspondent of *L'Europe Nouvelle*, a journal of French liberal opinion.

* * *

Richard Whiteing is the author of *Number 5 John Street*.

* * *

René Bazin, poet and novelist, is one of the group of French literary men who have justly attained international distinction.

* * *

Brinsley MacNamara is the author of *The House with the Squinting Windows*.

* * *

J. C. Squire is on the staff of the London weekly, *Land and Water*.

* * *

Archibald Hurd is a distinguished civilian critic of naval affairs.

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GOOD WILL

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

A future worthy of the dead
  Is opening before our sight,
  A promise infinitely bright
Breaks like the dayspring overhead.
  And shall we rather seek the night
Because good will from man hath fled?
  Shall lack of faith deny the right
For which our dearest blood was shed?

As mighty as the gift they made
  Can be the thanksgiving we make;
As mighty as the debt they paid
  Can be our answer for their sake.
By the long legions of their graves
Pray that good will the harvest saves.

For their great deaths before our face,
  Who chose that we breathe freedom's air;
  For their good will, who went to bear
The bitterness of all their race,
  Must we, who live, play the dead fair,
Nor squander in a spirit base
  Their sacrifice beyond compare
Sublimely made in generous grace?

They passed to give the people peace:
  Let not our children's children say
We would not take our soul's release,
  And threw their glorious gift away.
Ye men of care and men of pride,
Forget not why the dead have died.

Oh, for a clarion voice to cry
  Through rankling town and thorpe and ville
  Their universal, grand good will
To heal and build and fortify!
  The fruit they grew is ripening still;
Their dawn grows white upon the sky,
  While greed, suspicion, doubt, and ill,
Would rob them of their destiny.

Join single heart with single heart;
  Join honest hand with honest hand,
That purer vision hold, not part,
  All who for this great kingdom stand.
Then shall good will our pillar be
To those who won the victory.

The Sunday Times

SEVENTH HEAVEN

BY H. J. MASSINGHAM

Heaven was full of streets of gold,
And Lamb and Lion the city strolled;
The suns of seraphs' eyes flung rays
That splashed upon the golden ways:
But where was the sweat of the brow?
And where the goldfinch on the bough?

Gold-dust was the morning mist,
Where monster halls of amethyst
Waded; and organ, shawm, and lute
Pealed out the Name of Absolute:
But where the morning lark to soar
Out of his grassy cottage door?

Christ would not take His vacant throne,
And mused without the town, alone;
He that could dive for hearts of men,
Pined for His old, lost fishermen:
Pined for the storks in Galilee,
He, living, did not praise or see.

In the first heaven, perchance there be
Sweet and small things to touch and see;
Beasts at their business, birds, and bees,
And busy men to work with these:
But here it was a painted show,
Where nothing, nothing was to do.

The Nation

FANTASY

BY EDWARD NEVILLE

The night now moves in our blood:
  I thought that, between the trees,
At the edge of the field and the wood
  A man with animal knees,
A goat-legs, a satyr, a faun,
  Looked out at us, nodded and spoke
A greeting in some strange tongue,
But his head so quickly withdrawn,
  And his arm, was that branch of an oak,
  And the rest of him shadow and smoke,
I suppose, and his words were sung
  By the wind.

Land and Water

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